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Harlip

MISS SYLVIA LLOYD THOMAS AND
THE HON. DAVID ORMSBY-GORE

161, New Bond Street, W.1

Miss Lloyd Thomas, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, the diplomat and well known rider in steeplechases, and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, and a niece of Lord Bellew, is to be married on February 9th to Mr. David Ormsby-Gore, elder son of Lord and Lady Harlech.

COUNTRY LIFE

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	PAGE
A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR, by Major C. S. Jarvis	84
INDIA'S FIGHTING MEN : WARRIOR TRADITION OF LOYALTY AND SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE, by Charles Graham Hope	85
ROOKS, by Frances Pitt	88
SWEDEN'S "WESTMINSTER ABBEY," by F. Gordon Roe	90
SOCIAL LIFE IN GEORGIAN DAYS IN BERKSHIRE AND OXFORDSHIRE, by Brigadier-General Charles Haggons, C.M.G., D.S.O.	92
BOOKS AND AUTHORS : ENGLAND, OUR ENGLAND, by Lord Gorell ; OTHER REVIEWS	97
GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN : THE ABSTAINER'S RETURN	98
A DAY OF PEACE : WAR-TIME INTERLUDE OF A SAILOR, by Commander Sir Geoffrey Congreve, BT., R.N.	99
ART AND CIVILISATION, by Christopher Hussey	100
FARMING NOTES	101
THE STORAGE OF FOODSTUFFS ON THE FARM : II—DUTCH BARNS, by J. N. Dorniny	102
CORRESPONDENCE	103
Deer Control : A Stag's Fate (The Earl of Breadalbane) ; Interbreeding of Foxes ; Old Scots Curling Stone (Marie W. Stuart) ; Lily Roots as Food (S. Altson Peati) ; Great Auk's Eggs ; For Balloon Barrage Men (W. M. Nal.) ; Lectures on Horticulture (F. R. Durham) ; In a Somerset Village ; "The Ages of Birds" ; "Nothing for Ever and Ever" (Winifred Coombe Tennant) ; Ram-fighting in India (Captain C. E. G. Hope) ; Some Weights and Measures ; A Yorkshire Patriarch (J. A. Carpenter).	
HEROINES OF THE GRAND NATIONAL : ELEVEN FAMOUS MARES	105
THE ESTATE MARKET	106
OUT-OF-THE-WAY VEGETABLES, by G. C. Taylor	xv
FASHION FAIR : THE CHARM OF DIFFERENCE, by Isabel Crampton	xx
"Country Life" Crossword No. 522, p. xv.	

ECONOMY FOR ALL?

THERE are some people to whom strict economy in all the disbursements of life "comes natural," as they say. Many of them regard it from a moral, rather than an economic, standpoint, and heartily condemn their more feckless fellows as spendthrifts and sinners. To them the recent advice of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will cause no searchings of heart. "Economy for all" makes no difference to them. It merely tells them once more how wise they have always been, and how foolish are their fellows. But those not-so-virtuous fellows may be pardoned if they stop for a moment in their tracks and consider the full implications of their leader's behests. They have been brought up, most of them, in a very different school of thought, in a world where every artifice of advertisement has been employed to induce them to spend more money : and they have never seen any harm in it, and, if they come from this side of the Tweed, probably never will. What they have fairly earned they feel themselves free to spend or to dispose of as they will. If they have "gone into the matter," as the saying is, they have probably been told by some pundit or other that the more you increase the consumption of goods and services the more you increase the general prosperity. They have lived in a phase of expansion during which the luxuries of yesterday have been the necessities of to-morrow. Consider a few figures. In 1925 there were two million electricity consumers in Great Britain. There are now over ten millions. At the beginning of the last war there were three-quarters of a million telephones in use, as against three millions now. To-day there are nine million listeners who had hardly heard of a wireless set twenty-five years ago. During the same quarter of a century the consumption of tobacco per head has gone up by fifty per cent., and butter imports have more than doubled. Fruits of all kinds have been flowing into the country in ever-increasing quantities, and the amount of meat imported is sufficient to show how many families and individuals have come to regard meat as a regular article of diet instead of an occasional treat.

An adjuration to consider carefully the spending of each penny and to spend as few as possible sounds alien doctrine to such a generation, and there are other considerations involved. Already the ordinary man finds his powers of spending and of consumption drastically curtailed

on every side by the compulsions of Government. Something like half his income goes in taxation of various kinds, or he is lucky if it does not. He pays something approaching a pound for a few pennyworth of whisky and water contained in a bottle which costs almost as much to produce, and the bulk of the difference goes to the Exchequer. All his amusements and enjoyments are already taxed to the full. And when he has made what he considers reasonable provision for the future he may well ask what remains to be saved. These are considerations which must be kept continually in mind by those statesmen and bureaucrats who tend to think of men in millions and of their activities in terms of Board of Trade returns. The health and morale of a nation are not dependent entirely on economic factors. Too much travel may be wasteful to the economist, but healthy holidays and recreation are necessary to sustain a civilian population during a long war. Beer and spirits to many people seem a sheer waste of good foodstuff or war material, but they play a very important part not only in promoting physical health but in preserving a cheerful and normal attitude of mind. There is, in fact, another side to that picture, painted by our doctrinaire economists, which shows a nation living on the verge of mere physical subsistence until the war is over. In spite of this, however, the facts must be faced, and no statesman worth his salt would try to hide them from the people. On no account must we repeat the policy of soaring prices and wages which led to the inflation of the last war with all its disastrous consequences. Further, we must make absolutely certain that no cargo-space is wasted in bringing to this country commodities that are not absolutely essential. And on the other hand we must see that all our surplus energies and man-power are devoted to producing goods that can be sold abroad. As it has been pithily said, "There is only one class of people whose every demand British industry must strive to satisfy without question, and that class is not composed of Britons, but of Americans, Swedes, Swiss, Argentinians and anyone else outside the belligerent ranks who can pay in foreign exchange."

THE IMPORT OF FOOD

When it comes to determining exactly what goods it is essential for the individual to buy or for the nation to import, the problem turns out by no means so simple as it seems. Food, however, is the most important civil need, and without it no war can be won. Most of our food, however, comes from abroad, and every effort must be made to cut down that amount and make the best possible use of what we do import. Modern science has taught us much since the last war with regard to individual and national nutrition. Let us make the most of what we have by applying these scientific findings to our diet, by eating wholemeal instead of white bread, for instance, and more raw vegetables and more milk. Apart from this side of the matter we have to consider the way in which economies can be made by a better division of our food supplies as between imports and home produce, and particularly how our home production can most economically be increased. The home farmer now produces all our liquid milk, 97 per cent. of our potatoes, 75 per cent. of other vegetables, 65 per cent. of poultry and eggs, 52 per cent. of fruit, but only 15 per cent. of flour. We must, in fact, continue to import most of our wheat, sugar and meat. And this brings us back to the vexed question of human food in competition with animal feeding-stuffs. It is very often urged that if we only cut down our cattle, sheep, poultry and pigs we could dispense altogether with imports of feeding-stuffs and so vastly improve the country's economic position. Other considerations are involved, however. We cannot cease importing the linseed and cotton-seed and decorticated nuts which are the raw materials in cattle-cake without at the same time affecting our supplies of fats, soap and margarine. Nor can we forget that the fertility of our soil is largely dependent on the manure supplied by livestock. This is only one example of the difficulties of deciding exactly what the nation should or should not spend its money on, and the individual, except when he is guided by Government restrictions, is likely to find himself in similar quandaries.

COUNTRY NOTES

THE invention of a method for milling flour, which does not omit most of the important nutritive elements as at present, is not inaptly described as "comparable in importance with the discovery of electricity." It is due to a father and son, Messrs. W. and G. Clark, and by their process the wheat grain is exploded by intense air pressure and is milled dry, whereas the ordinary roller-milled wheat has to be soaked in water for many hours before milling. Bread made by the Clark system, it is claimed, retains the vitamins and other nutritive elements, and keeps fresh for several days. Since the Government issued regulations for a standardised flour, there have been many complaints from people who have always preferred wholemeal bread to the white blotting-paper kind which the general public demands, or is supposed to demand by bakers. Even in the eighteenth century the fashion for white bread had set in, and Smollett inveighs against the prevailing London taste for flour looking like puke powder. Many bakers have taken the new regulations to mean that stone-ground flour is now prohibited and have discontinued supplying it, but it would appear that the Ministry of Food does not discountenance ground flour (as opposed to that milled in steel rollers), provided that it falls within the definition "straight run." Few people make their own bread to-day, but wholemeal bread is still obtainable from several of the London stores. For the whole nation to be reduced to the tasteless, unnutritious stuff that claims to be bread nowadays seems a ridiculous policy in war-time. Let us hope that the Clark process has come in time to overthrow the white loaf that threatens to be totalitarian.

ALLIES OF THE ANGELS

ALMOST all combatants in almost all wars have claimed the angels as allies, but in the present instance the claim, so far as Britain, France and Poland are concerned, must be endorsed by the conduct of their foes. Bad faith, cruelty, injustice, and the enslavement of the weak are things for which obviously the angelic hosts cannot be expected to draw the sword. This aspect of our struggle was splendidly emphasised last week when General Sir Hubert Gough, supported by a group of well known men, most of whom had served under him in the last war, appealed at an afternoon meeting for funds to build and equip Church Army huts for the B.E.F. Prebendary Carlile, fresh and rosy from the festivities of a ninety-third birthday, spoke early in the proceedings, and to him the money to carry out this service to our soldiers should be sent; Lady Iveagh took the place of Lady Halifax, called to the bedside of a sick soldier son. What emerged from all the speeches was that in this war, where we contend for no material gain but for the peace and freedom of the world, things of the spirit are of first importance. Various organisations cater for the physical comfort of the troops, but the Church Army huts offer friendship, quiet, and opportunity for the disciplines and the comforts of religion. This is the contribution of the National Church to the national effort, and those who value their own religious opportunities best will most willingly support it.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

LAWYERS and magistrates may find at least two debatable points in the new statute which came into force at the beginning of the year. One section provides that the wanderer on such lands shall be at his own risk so far as personal injury is concerned, just as if he were a trespasser. So far as bogs, quarries, streams, and dangerous places are concerned, this is obviously fair, for a landowner could hardly be expected to spend money in safeguarding people who were not invited. But a different consideration might arise in respect of savage animals. Generally speaking, a landowner can keep these where he pleases except where there is a public right of way, and a trespasser who is injured by a savage horse or bull must put up with it. Such animals, however, are usually kept in paddocks or closed fields, to which the Act would not be applied. Possibly a bad-tempered old ram might start an interesting

case. The House of Lords has held that, if a farmer allows people to pass through a field without interference, he must keep it clear of savage animals. Again, wanderers are forbidden to remove "any plant, shrub, tree, or root or any part thereof." Trespassers, however, until they are turned off, may lawfully pick and keep wild flowers such as primroses and hyacinths, and wild fruit such as nuts and blackberries, also wild mushrooms. It would thus appear that, if the law is to be strictly applied, the licensed wanderer will be worse off than the trespasser. If the Act is applied with common sense, this should not be the case, but the veto may be useful against those who come in cars and uproot wild hyacinths and primroses by the thousand, and so deprive others of their natural beauty.

TRUE BLUE PRONUNCIATION

"THEY'VE learnt pernouncing," said old Mr. Macey in the bar parlour of the Rainbow (in "Silas Marner") with a splendid contempt. Professor Lloyd James holds a chair of Phonetics and is the linguistic adviser to the B.B.C., and so ought to know all about "pernouncing." He has lately struck a gallant blow for Mr. Churchill and his fine insular pronunciation of "Narzys" and of Montevideo, with no nonsense about a long e, but "Monteviddyo," as we used to pronounce it when, in years long distant, we collected its stamps. His words are eminently soothing to the feelings of those who like to talk about Rheems (as in the Jackdaw of), and point to Wipers Tower at Rye as evidence that we are only following in the steps of our forefathers when they fought in the Low Countries. After all, we are not so bad as our French friends; we have done nothing so outrageous as Londres for London. It must be admitted, of course, that we all have our weak spots. If, for instance, we have any Welsh blood, we writhe a little sometimes over the announcers' well intentioned efforts at, let us say, Pwllheli. Here Professor James would probably sympathise. "Who's Who" declares that his father lived at Penrhiwceiber, and the Saxon might even make a mess of that.

WINTER EVENING

Turn away your ravished eyes
From the warm horizon skies
Where the sun's death agony
Spills his gold blood on the sea.
Beauty's sword is not to trust,
Guard your heart against its thrust.

Star between the graven tree,
Evening-set chalcidony,
Beauty's candle, danger-bright,
Blazing clear in velvet night—
Veil with cloud your capturing grace,
Hide your too celestial face.

P. H.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA AGAIN

MANY people who have thought that the black-out and the theatre cannot live together will probably be revising their views against the time when the "Beggar's Opera" comes again to London. The Glyndebourne production of it began its career at Brighton on Tuesday in last week and, after visiting various other cities, to London it will ultimately come. It is pleasant to remember its triumph in Nigel Playfair's day at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, and now we shall go about humming "Cease Your Funning" or "How happy I could be with either" in eager expectation. Not even Gilbert and Sullivan have more surely planted tunes in the head. It is said that Deacon Brodie, who was respectable burgess by day and burglar by night in eighteenth-century Edinburgh, owed his misfortunes to taking Macheath as his hero, and that on setting out on his last fatal adventure at the Excise Office he trolled out gaily "Let us take the road." There need be no anxiety that any such deplorable consequences will occur again. Deacon Brodie would probably have fallen without so illustrious a model, and we know that the burglar's

Capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is quite as great as any other man's.

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

RED-TAB PERQUISITES—VICTOR McLAGLEN, A.P.M.—GUNGA DIN—
BIRD-TABLE MANNERS

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

AT the beginning of the war I remarked on the fact that Assistant Provost Marshals were not so plentiful to-day as they were on the last occasion, for, although I had seen a few "Redcaps" among the troops, not a single A.P.M. had been flushed from their ordinary haunts. It seems, however, that some exist, as there was an account the other day of an A.P.M. capturing a man complete with red tabs and brassard, masquerading as a staff officer at a cocktail party.

It is difficult to understand the mentality of a man who goes to the expense of fitting himself out with uniform in an attempt to pass himself off as an officer, but in the last war there was every inducement for an ordinary officer to masquerade as a member of the staff. There were in fact some who undertaking a journey by transport or train, found it a good, if irregular, idea to have a set of red tabs and hatband in their pockets to use on occasions, as there were very special facilities for staff officers, such as single cabins with private bathrooms, *rapide* trains instead of the ordinary troop variety, and staff cars waiting to carry the elect. At one time there was a special staff "leave" boat plying between Dover and Calais, which gave staff officers an additional few hours at home and a far more comfortable journey. It is to be hoped that this time the enormous gap between an ordinary, duckboard-walking, front-line major and a young staff captain or A.D.C. will not be so marked, for there appears to be no very adequate reason for it. Our Allies, the French, have nothing of the sort; a divisional staff in the French Army was a most unpretentious outfit, and used to pack itself, complete with clerks, files, maps and typewriters into one small lorry. I forget how many vehicles were required to shift one of our divisional staffs.

THE chief attribute of the A.P.M. is that he should command respect with both officers and O.Rs, and the man who filled the bill very adequately in the last war was Captain Victor McLaglen the film star, who served in that capacity first in Alexandria, and later in Constantinople, where any man charged with the enforcement of law and order had a very difficult time. Victor McLaglen, however, was physically adapted to deal with the most awkward of situations.

I have seen him many times in films since those days, and it seems to me that the screen has the effect of dwarfing his size and his appearance of great strength. In the pictures he appears to be just an ordinary well built, big man, but my first impression of him is a giant of colossal proportions. I had just arrived in Alexandria Disembarkation Camp after an unpleasant time in the Mediterranean, and had crawled into the officers' bar for something to remedy my frail condition. The bar was not very well lit, and I did not notice anything extraordinary about the man standing next to me until suddenly I noticed the size of his fist that was resting on the counter. It was one of the largest and most menacing fists I have ever seen. I looked down and saw two enormous legs in field boots, and then, raising my eyes, I noticed an arm-band with the letters A.P.M., and far above in the gloom near the roof a very grim, hard countenance with an iron jaw.

Luckily for me, I was not disobeying any of the many petty restrictions from which we suffered in Egypt in those days. I was not wearing shorts, which were forbidden in civilised haunts; my cap had a stiff brim, my moustache was nearly regulation size, and the clock had just struck the hour of 6 p.m. after which the sale of alcohol was permissible. Realising I was in no immediate

danger, I asked him to have a drink, and the situation was saved.

I do not know the details of Victor McLaglen's career, but the story current in Egypt in those days was that he had lasted fourteen rounds with Jack Johnson, the invincible negro heavyweight, which I believe is true. If it isn't, he looked capable of it. We had some very tough propositions serving in the cosmopolitan Mediterranean Force at that time, and when the troops came in on leave from the desert there was a certain amount of liveliness in the bars of the cities. The appearance of Victor McLaglen, followed by a couple of quite redundant "Red-caps," on the scene of the disturbance was sufficient to bring about immediately a holy calm suggestive of the interior of a cathedral.

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S recent film, "Gunga Din," has just been on at our local cinema, and the last few survivors of our evacuated children were taken to see it. In September they would have filled the whole theatre, but to-day, owing to desertions, they barely occupied four rows of seats. Despite the paucity of their numbers, however, they brought down the house with shrill yells of delight when McLaglen laid out a round dozen of Indian thugs with his famous right hook, and when a killed regiment marched through the mountain defiles with pipes playing.

A good stirring film of "deeds that made the Empire," but I wonder if, even fifty years ago, colonels were so foolish as to march through mountainous country swarming with enemy with only two men as advance guard and no flankers. Also I felt very sorry for the girl whom ruthless American film producers had dragged right into the front line of an Indian border campaign. She was not nervous, as she had every reason to be, but nevertheless gave the impression of being self-conscious of the fact that really she ought not to be there. What was even more remarkable than a girl in the front line was a desperately wounded man, who was brought out of hospital on a stretcher at night to be present at the funeral of Gunga Din. Military hospitals must have been much easier places to get out of half a century ago than they are to-day, but anything is possible in an American-produced film.

ONE of the very few consolations of extreme cold is the opportunity one obtains of seeing unusual bird visitors, and while driving along the main Salisbury road on one of the coldest days this month I saw in a flowing ditch by the wayside a black duck. To the intense annoyance of the driver of the car behind me I drew up with an insufficient signal and went back to investigate, having a close look at the duck before she flew off, flushing a couple of snipe as she rose. I have had an exceptional opportunity of seeing a great variety of different ducks during the migration in Egypt, but the only species I know that affects black coloration is the ferruginous, and this bird has distinct white and chestnut marking, while the duck by the wayside was black all over with a purplish sheen on neck and head. I was able to identify it later as the common scoter, which may be a common enough visitor on our sea coasts, but is very seldom seen on inland waters.

The intense frost also brought to the birds' breakfast table the one member of the tit family who has ignored its presence since it started. The four more or less common titmice, the blue, great, coal, and marsh, are always there, and finish off a coconut in three days; but the long-tailed tit, though plentiful in the surrounding woods, has never descended to eat with the others of his race at the table. Judging from his aloof attitude, when hunger drove him and his mate down to the table, this must have been due to exclusiveness, for his attitude when he arrived was suggestive of that of a member of a very distinguished club compelled during the autumn decoration season to make use of a quite ordinary one. One could almost hear him say to his companion: "I don't know what on earth we shall get to eat here—the most extraordinary people belong to this club. I can't think where they all come from."

HENRY CORNELL, OF WHOSE PAINTINGS EXHIBITED AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES THIS IS ONE, IS AN ENGLISH DOUANIER ROUSSEAU

He has been soldier, hawker, riveter, furniture-mover, park-keeper and van driver. A call in this capacity at the Leicester Galleries and emulation of the work of pavement artists led to this exhibition, *via* a pitch in Piccadilly and another outside St. Michael's, Chester Square. He paints from memory of things seen in the countryside, which partly accounts for the vigour and freshness of his compositions.



INDIA'S FIGHTING MEN



WARRIOR TRADITION OF LOYALTY AND SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE

By
CHARLES GRAHAM HOPE

WATCH AND WARD. The various irregular militia of the North-West Frontier form an important part of the defensive and political system. The men seen here are in the South Waziristan Scouts.

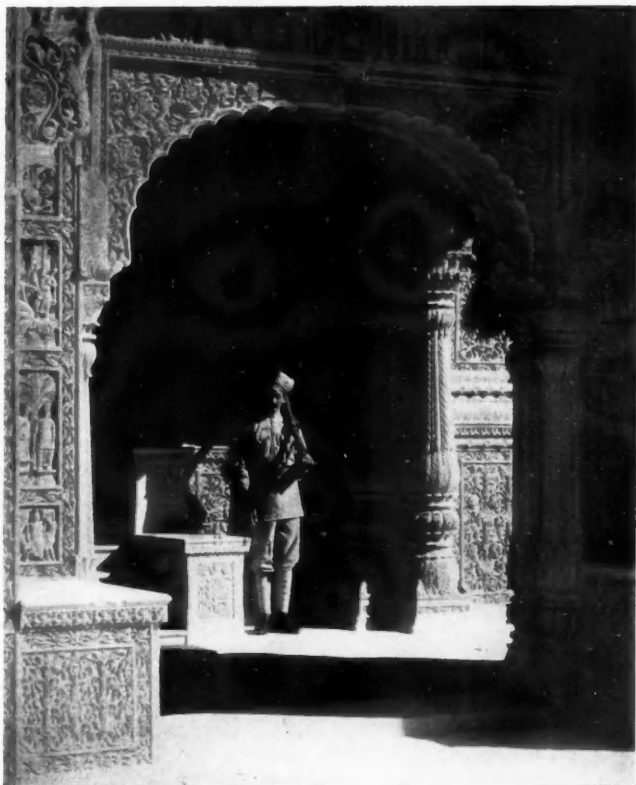
WE hear plenty about the activities of political India, often disproportionate to its real influence; but all too little is said at any time in this country about the fighting men of India. Yet, quietly and without fuss, they too are on the move. From the great plains of the Punjab and the United Provinces, from the desert fastnesses of Rajasthan, from the snows of the Himalayas and the jungles of Central India, from the gaunt hills and valleys of the Frontier, from every principality and province they come: Rajput and Musulman, Sikh and Dogra, Gurkha and Garhwali, warriors all, deaf to the bargainings of Congress; cavalry, horsed and mechanised, infantry, camelry, frontier levies, mule corps—and to these the honour of being in the vanguard; from rajah to *ryot* all free men, offering themselves willingly in the common cause.

From 1914 to 1918 India contributed to this same cause, apart from immense resources of material and money, 1,097,642 men for service in the armed forces of the Empire, of which 683,149 were combatants. This figure excludes 58,904 Gurkhas

from Nepal, and the contribution of the Indian States. They left 73,432 dead in graves in three continents, from Flanders to the Persian Gulf. The same picture is being limned to-day.

Already an expanding Indian Army, more efficient than ever before, stands on guard on the frontiers of India, and in the Near East, ready to go wherever required. Now, also, as we have seen, Indians have found their way to France again. These, from reports, would appear to be essential transport units for use in the front line, with the inevitable mules, who, it seems, will never be out of any scrap anywhere.

The independent rulers of the Indian States, the Nizam, Bikanir, Kashmir, Patiala, Jaipur—to name a few—have made practical offers of men and money and material; spiritual rulers, like the Aga Khan, and most leaders of Indian thought, have given their blessing to the Allied cause. At home we have settled down grimly to the effort and sacrifices of war, our war. Yet is not the spontaneous loyalty of all these men, of different colour and culture from ourselves, to the King-Emperor, the *badshah* across



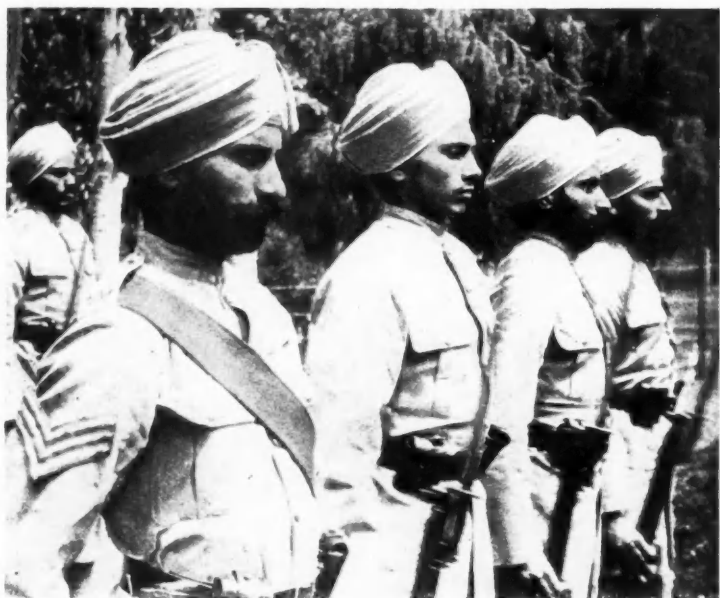
IN RAJASTHAN. A sentry of the Bikanir State forces on duty at the main entrance to the Lalgarh Palace



BODY-GUARD. The members of the various presidency body-guards are of a high physical standard



PATHAN. An officer of the South Waziristan Scouts



SIKHS. A Havildar and his guard. This picture shows the style of tying the paggari, and the various stages of a Sikh's beard

the seas, even more heart-stirring?

It is impossible here to do more than sketch the growth of the Indian Army. The small local defence forces, English and native, of the various factories of the East India Company in the early years of the eighteenth century, expanded with the pressure of events into the armies of the three presidencies, Bombay, Madras, and Bengal. As allies were made, or enemies defeated, portions of their troops would be absorbed into these forces. The 7th and 16th Light Cavalry, now Indianised under the Eight Units Scheme inaugurated by Lord Rawlinson, for instance, were taken over by the Company in 1784 after having been in the service of the Nawab of Arcot. Skinner's Horse were raised from the horsemen of Perron's army of the Mahratta, Sindhia, after its defeat at Delhi in 1803, and so forms a link with the romantic age of the military adventurers of India—a fascinating page of history which has not received the attention it deserves.

The oldest regiment now on the Indian Army list is the 1st Battalion of the 1st Punjab Regiment,

the old 62nd Punjabis, raised in Madras in 1759. Among the older foundations are the Sappers and Miners (Madras in 1780, Bengal in 1803, and Bombay in 1820). The first Gurkha regiment was raised in 1815 during the Nepalese wars. The Royal Indian Army Service Corps, whose representatives are now in France, was formed as a separate commissariat corps in 1817.

Besides the Presidency armies, there was the Punjab Frontier Force, formed in 1849 after the Sikh War, to protect the north-western frontiers of the Company's growing possessions. This consisted of four cavalry regiments, including Lumsden's Guides, a number of infantry regiments (one Gurkha), and pack artillery. The "Piffers," although no longer existing as a separate corps, have a continuous fighting record second to none in the annals of the armies of the Empire. It was their proud boast that they were always on active service.

The Indian Mutiny, which was really a mutiny of the Bengal Army, saw the beginning of the Indian Army as we know it, when the force was at last unified under one command; and there began that mystical allegiance of a mercenary army to the Crown of England.

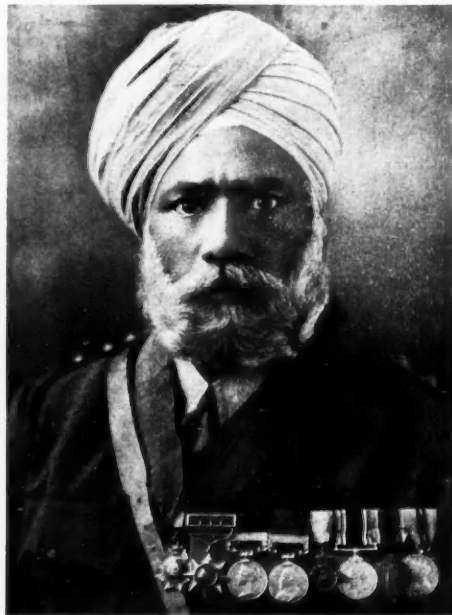
The old Indian Army was not an overworked body of men in peace-time, but to-day it is extremely hard-working and efficient, and far better educated than ever before. In equipment and spirit and training it is a modern army, thanks to the thorough overhauling and re-organisation that took place in 1921. Mechanisation has set in, albeit with judicious caution, and is being accepted with sensible adaptability by all concerned. Young India has taken to the air, and for the first time Indian airmen will play their part in war. The Nizam of Hyderabad, incidentally, has given £100,000 for an air squadron which has been formed and named after him.

What of the men who compose this army? With its development there have been corresponding changes in the classes which have been enlisted. The sepoys of Bengal and the Carnatic have given place to new types; the Mahrattas and Baluchis are not found in the present Army. Now the classes usually enlisted are Sikhs, Punjabi Muslims, Dogras, Rajputs, and Garhwalis; also to be found, though in fewer numbers, are Hindustani Muslims and Pathans. The Gurkhas come from beyond the boundaries of India, and must be regarded as being outside the scope of this article. Moreover, they, at least, need little introduction.

The Sikhs are not a separate race, but members of a militant religious order, evolved from the efforts of a *guru*, or saint, Nanak, at the end of the fifteenth century, to purify the Hindu religion and abolish the caste system. A man is not born a Sikh, but becomes one through initiation, a kind of baptismal ceremony. A true Sikh always wears the Five Ks: *Kes*, uncut hair; *kachh*, short drawers; *khara*, the iron bangle; *khanga*, the comb; and *kirpan*, the sword. They are easily recognised by the



RAW MATERIAL. A typical Punjabi countryman



LONG SERVICE. A grand type of Sikh officer

long silky beards, untouched by a razor, which are parted under the chin and tied in a top-knot on the head. Great stress is laid on physical fitness, manly exercise, and clean living. True Sikhs never smoke, and theoretically drink is not recommended, but in practice a Sikh's head for whisky has to be seen to be believed. Burly, athletic, inclined to be quarrelsome, swaggeringly proud of their strength, of good yeoman stock from the Punjab and the States of Patiala, Jind, and Nabha, they are to be found in almost every regiment of the Army.

The Punjabi Muslims of the Army mainly come from the Salt Range in the Punjab, and are all country-folk. They are descendants of the various waves of Mohamedan invaders of India, with usually finer-drawn features and slighter figures than the Sikhs. They can be distinguished by the style of their *puggaris*, wound round the *kullah*, or conical cap, with one end waving above their heads like a plume. Although rather dandified in their dress, they are brave, hardy fighters, and, with the Sikhs, form about sixty per cent. of the fighting forces. Certain classes of Punjabi Muslims are largely enlisted in the R.I.A.S.C. as mule-drivers, and they have displayed a rare, stolid courage in many an awkward situation.

Rajput means "king's son." And every Rajput bears himself like one. Descendants of the Kshatriyas, the warrior caste of the Aryan invaders, they are the true aristocrats of Hindustan; and the whole history of their race bears witness to the matchless courage of their struggle against the Moguls, and to their tradition of death before surrender. Slim and elegant, they appear small beside the hefty Punjabis, now their brothers in arms; but, although not so widely enlisted as formerly, they still make good soldiers. The Rajput stock is more largely represented now by the Dogras, quiet, unassuming, but dignified little men from the lower ranges of the Himalayas, Jammu, Kangra, and Chamba. Overshadowed physically by the Sikhs and Punjabi Muslims, they are good shots and dour fighters, not easily rattled. More or less untried before the last war, they proved themselves first-class fighting troops.

The Garhwali, near relation of the Gurkha, also made his mark in the last war. Not so solidly or stockily built as the Gurkha, who affected rather to look down on him, he provides some of the finest troops in the Indian Army; and it was a Garhwali, Naik Darwan Singh Negi, who was the first Indian ever to win the Victoria Cross. Garhwal is in the mountainous area of Kumaon.

Hindustani Muslims, from the United Provinces, descend mostly from Hindus who accepted Islam four hundred years or so ago. Born horse-copers and horsemen, they are to be found mostly in the cavalry. It was a Hindustani N.C.O. who made what I hold to be a classic remark to a hesitating *sowar* in Mesopotamia at the entrance to a *nullah* which was



TRAINING. Rajput recruits of an Indian State cavalry regiment learning sword drill



CAMEL CORPS. No censorship can disguise the fact that this is an officer of the Bikanir Camel Corps in full dress



VETERANS. Lord Birdwood inspecting veteran Indian officers, whose campaigning started some time before 1914. Reading from right to left they represent the following types: Dogra, Sikh, and Musulman

being enfiladed by the Turks: "Go on, brother, those are only bullets running along." And he showed the way himself. Of the Pathans, those hawk-like men of the Frontier, little need be said. They can be formidable enemies and good friends. There are fewer in the Regular Army than of yore, but they serve conspicuously in the various Frontier militia and scouts, which are the outer fringe of the Frontier defensive system.

Such, briefly, is the material of which our Indian Army is composed, and of the traditions behind it. These varied elements, often conflicting and contradictory, separated by deep-rooted divisions of race and religion, have been unified and welded into a not inconsiderable weapon by the English genius for leadership; they have been tried, not only in the fire of war, but in the more insidious test of political unrest, and have not been found wanting. And they have, it may be noted, one other thing in common: they are all countrymen. Only in the villages will you find them, these soldiers of the past and to be; and it is still true that, whatever the political situation, the warmest, and usually the first, welcome a visitor to these villages receives will be from an old Army pensioner, or from a sepoy on furlough. Once having taken their oath to the King, they remain *nimak hilal*—true to their salt.

ROOKS

THE many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home," wrote Tennyson, who was usually a quite sound naturalist, yet the careful observer who watches the evening procession across the sky will doubt if the long line does owe allegiance to a hoary leader.

It is indeed fascinating to watch the flock flying by, a crowd of black specks against a background of grey and purple clouds which, as one stares, seem to catch fire from the rays of the sinking sun and glow with rose before flaming into crimson and gold. Yet the throng is not an orderly, drilled one, it is no regiment flying in the wake of an appointed commander, but a stream of units borne along by good fellowship and a common purpose, as in the case of a football crowd or people going to a race-meeting, though the birds are not seeking amusement, they merely want to get home before nightfall.

Even more impressive than the



C. W. Teager

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THE ROOK IN THESE DAYS HAS PRACTICALLY NO NATURAL FOES

By
FRANCES PITT

seasons. Some of these breeding places are in well frequented localities, even in towns. What determines their choice is hard to say. It is not the height of the trees, for the birds often make themselves at home in comparatively small ones. One of the most impressive nesting rookeries of my acquaintance is that in the town of Kirkwall in the Orkneys. Kirkwall possesses a fine cathedral, dating from Norman times and built of red sandstone. About the old building are a few trees, a somewhat rare type of vegetation in these wind-swept islands, and these trees are used by a colony of rooks, whose big, untidy, stick-built nests remain aloft, despite the frequent gales, and tell us how indifferent the birds are to the busy life of the town passing below them. Although we are often puzzled as to the reason why rooks choose particular nesting places, there is no mystery here. The rooks of Kirkwall had few sites to choose from, when they selected the trees



Riley Fortune

COMING SPRING—ROOKS IN THE TREETOPS

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passing of the home-going flock is its arrival at the time-honoured rendezvous. When I say "time-honoured" I mean it. Some of these roosting rookeries have not only been occupied during the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the countryside, but for hundreds of years. And they are centres to which come rooks from a long way around. Let it be understood that I refer to the roosting rookeries occupied from late summer to early spring, and by a portion of their inhabitants throughout the spring as well. Quite a number of rooks are content to stay and nest in the trees which have served them as dormitories during the long winter nights, but some prefer to go elsewhere. Towards the end of January and during early February—the exact time varying according to the weather and the temperature—the rooks begin to pay day-time visits to certain coppices and even to isolated trees where nests still stand to tell of their activities in former



C. W. R. Knight

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"BABY ROOKS ARE NO TARGETS FOR A SPORTSMAN'S GUN"

around the old cathedral and the grim Earl's Palace; it was really Hobson's choice, but rooks that can pick and choose often show a preference for frequented sites, near houses or main roads and even in towns.

There is no more sure sign of coming spring than the return of the rooks to these places. During autumn and winter they have been away, then comes a morning when cheerful cawing is heard, and black shapes are seen flying over the trees, alighting upon them and inspecting the old nests. The birds may stay for an hour or two, but as yet they feel the pull of the flock and soon they rise and fly off to rejoin the crowd, to become once more units in that long procession flapping across the evening sky.

I said at the beginning of this article that there are few things in Nature more impressive than the arrival of the rooks at the main rookery. The flocks come in from all quarters and meet in mid-air above the roosting place, there

to eddy and swirl in an immense throng. The particular rookery of which I am thinking is in a wood on the west bank of a river that runs from north to south. One evening I waited beneath the trees and watched the incoming birds. They came from east and from west, from north and south, flying down the river and up it, over water so crimson with the reflection of the sunset that it looked like molten metal flowing from a furnace.

Round and round flew the combined flocks, now high overhead, now coming lower, while the glory faded from the sky and the shades of night deepened beneath the trees. At last they swooped downwards, and the majority alighted with a crash of wings and a great outbreak of cawing. Soon all were down, but they were not settled for the night. Although it was now dark they kept moving, first one part of the flock, then the next, took wing and flew into adjoining trees. Thus the throng gradually moved up the hillside until a considerable part of it was in the trees around me. Looking up I could see many rooks silhouetted against what now was a starry sky. However, there were too many overhead to be pleasant. I felt it was time to leave, and crept away, to be followed by the loud murmur of the crowd, so that even when I reached home I could still hear the "conversation," though now softened by distance until it sounded like a far-off sea rolling in on a shingly shore.

The morning procession outward and the inward stream of the afternoon dwindle from the middle of February onwards. Both cease by the middle of March or earlier, according to the season. The birds that made up the concourse are now distributed about the countryside, some here, some there, some in rookeries but half a dozen nests strong, others in townships of fifty, sixty or even hundreds of nests. They are no longer day-time visitors to the outlying rookeries, but settled residents. A considerable number of pairs have stayed at headquarters: indeed, here we have the biggest nesting place of the district. If the morning and evening flocks have vanished rooks are still much in evidence, too much so we think at times. These birds, with domestic matters on their minds, continually patrol the countryside and little escapes their keen scrutiny. Many of them are determined egg-hunters. The early-nesting lapwings suffer sorely from their too close attention. On the farms with which I am concerned very few of the first-laid peewit eggs produce chicks. The rooks and crows have most of them. On the ponds about my home are kept a number of tame mallard, which nest in the bushes about the pools and among the waterside rushes, but again many eggs are looted by the rooks. Now and again a magpie or carrion crow may take toll, but as a rule the culprit is a *bona fide* rook.

Other activities in which the rooks engage are raids upon newly sown grain, corn that has begun to grow, and even the digging up of newly planted potatoes. Against this we must not forget to credit the rook with the consumption of insects, etc., many of them, such as the wireworm, being definitely injurious to the crops. Leather-jackets (the larvæ of the crane fly or daddy long-legs) are also consumed by it, and these grubs are truly a good riddance. The rook does do good, but the question is whether it does more good than harm, and whether of late years it has not become undesirably numerous.

It is a bird which, in this present-day Britain, is usually left alone by mankind and has practically no natural foes. It was formerly kept in check by rook-shooting—that is, by the massacre of the juveniles when just leaving the nests. This most unsporting proceeding finds few devotees nowadays, but it did keep down the numbers of the rooks. Now, when it is of vital importance to produce the utmost possible from our land, when the needs of a country at war take precedence over all other considerations,

the question arises, Are we to let the rook increase unhindered, or must we do something to keep it from getting more numerous? *Battues* of the innocents are horrible, baby rooks are no targets for a sportsman's gun, but if something has to be done how else can the matter be dealt with? Perhaps readers of COUNTRY LIFE will be able to suggest an efficient and practical solution of the problem, namely, how to keep the rook within reasonable bounds in a humane and sporting manner.

I confess I see no solution save the shooting of the juveniles, and if this must be done may I suggest that the luckless



C. W. R. Knight

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TROUBLE IN THE ROOKERY—A BATTLE ROYAL

youngsters be sacrificed in a good cause, namely, the cooking-pot. Now that beef and bacon are rationed we must not neglect other things; moreover, it is said that rook pie is an excellent dish. To confirm this I turned to that famous lady Mrs. Beeton, but was surprised and disappointed to find, in the guise she was available, that she completely ignored rooks. My belief in her all-embracing information having received a rude shock, I turned elsewhere, and was told that if rook pie is to achieve success you must skin the birds and use only their breasts. No doubt in the old books on cookery fuller details are available, and perhaps some reader of this journal will know one of these receipts.

SWEDEN'S "WESTMINSTER ABBEY"

By F. GORDON ROE

SWEDEN'S nearest approximation to Westminster Abbey as a mausoleum of kings and princes is Riddarholmskyrkan—the Church on the Knights' Isle—at Stockholm. It is scarcely a "national Valhalla" in the same wide sense as the Abbey; architecturally it is neither as old nor as beautiful. Yet, though now a hotch-potch of styles, it remains extremely impressive; and whereas 180 years have elapsed since a British monarch was buried at Westminster, all the kings of the reigning Swedish dynasty—the House of Bernadotte—have been laid to their rest in the Riddarholm Church, beside many of their illustrious predecessors.

Founded about 1280, the Riddarholm Church has known many vicissitudes, culminating in an intelligent restoration in the present century. It stands on one of Stockholm's smaller islands, separated by a narrow waterway and a street or two from the square mass of the Royal Castle. Save for the elder Nicodemus Tessin's grey sandstone Chapel of the Carolines, the church is externally a red brick structure of irregular plan. Its tower is crowned with a slender spire of iron erected in 1838-41, when the building was extensively repaired after having been struck by lightning in 1835.

Entering the church by the west door, one immediately notices the flooring with its numerous carved and inscribed gravestones, some mediæval. Here and there, the level of this mortuary carpet is broken by low hummocks of stone: outcrops of the natural rock on which the building is based. Remains of mediæval paintings relieve the plainness of the pillars, vaulting and stone-coloured walls. The last are part-panelled with the heraldic plates of the Order of the Seraphim, reminding us, *mutatis mutandis*, of the stall plates of the Orders of the Garter and the Bath at Windsor and West-



THE RIDDARHOLM CHURCH, FOUNDED BY KING MAGNUS LADULAS *circa* 1280



THE INTERIOR OF THE RIDDARHOLM CHURCH, WITH THE TOMBS OF THE FOUNDER AND OF KING KARL KNUTSON

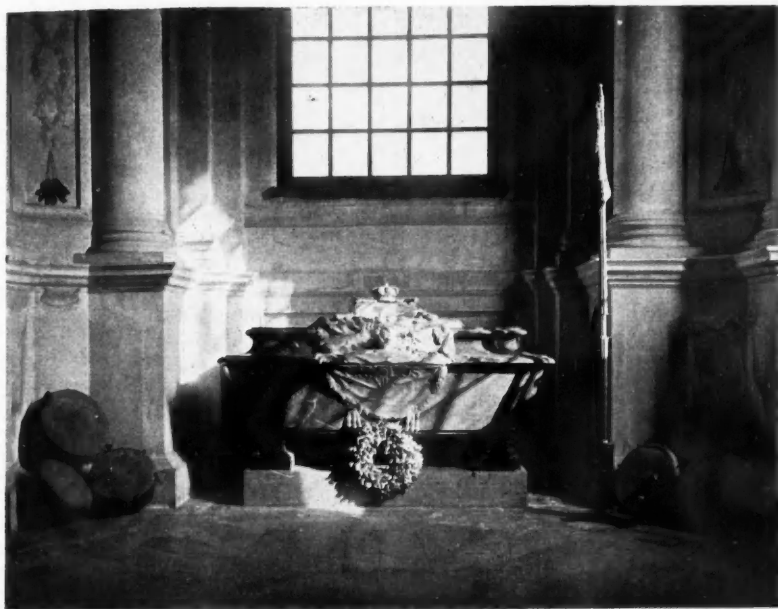
minster. To economise space, many of the Seraphim plates are hung overlapping each other, in layers of heraldic achievements. Higher up, there are carved and painted coats of arms—hatchments of the illustrious departed—and a forest of banners, funerary and trophies of the Thirty Years' War and other campaigns.

Before the altar stand two sculptured tombs with recumbent effigies of the old Kings Magnus Ladulas, founder of the church, who died in 1290, and Karl Knutson (died 1470). Though impressive enough, neither of these effigies is contemporary. They were executed in the fifteen-seventies by the Dutch sculptor, Lucas van de Verdt, and are interesting bygone attempts to supply an archaeological need. Dr. Martin Clsson records, in his guide to the Riddarholm Church, that when Karl Knutson's grave was opened, nearly twenty-five years ago, the King's remains were found clad in a velvet dress with gold eyelet holes, and with long piked shoon on his feet.

At the junction of nave and choir is a low table tomb, of late fifteenth-century date, carved in low relief with two figures under a canopy. It has long been traditionally known as the "Tomb of the earliest Vasas," which did not prevent me from sitting on it while making the notes for this article. It covers, says Clsson, a number of ancestors of King Gustaf Vasa, but the individuals specifically commemorated are Chancellor Christianus Nicholson and his wife, Margareta Krumedick.

That the church's ground plan is now so irregular is mainly due to the excrescent mortuary chapels added to it in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These began with the chapel of Gustavus Adolphus, whose daughter was the notorious Queen Christina, immortalised on the screen, if somewhat fancifully, by Miss Greta Garbo. Christina died in Rome; but, after his death at Lützen in 1632, the great Gustavus was buried here as near as might be to the tombs of the two ancient kings.

And so set a fashion, for chapel after chapel was built, some to enshrine the mortal remains of Gustavus' generals. A slightly gruesome example is that of the distinguished Lennart Torstensson, who died in 1651. Beneath a bust



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF CHARLES XII
 "He left a name at which the world grew pale
 To point a moral, and adorn a tale"

of the general and elaborate trophies is a heavy door, opening on a vault crowded with coffins. That of the warrior himself has a skull and crossbones painted on the end. The eyeless sockets glare banefully from the dark entry.

Opposite Gustavus's chapel is that of the heroic Charles XII, who was killed at the Siege of Fredrikshald in 1718, as well as of other Royalties. This is the "Chapel of the Carolines," and some of its sarcophagi are elaborately enriched. A grove of banners, drums, keys and other trophies recall Charles XII's campaigns and those of his father, Charles XI, and grandfather, Charles X, who succeeded Christina on her abdication.

The Gustavan Chapel is on the south side of the choir. Next to it, westwards, is that built last century for the reigning dynasty. Here is the great porphyry sarcophagus of Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, who alone of Napoleon's mar-

shals died a king. Bernadotte was elected Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810, and in 1818 ascended the throne as Charles XIV John, on the death of the old King Charles XIII.

Beside Bernadotte's are the sarcophagi of his consort Desirée Clary—Desideria in Sweden; their son Oscar I, and his wife Josephine de Beauharnais, granddaughter and namesake of Napoleon's first Empress. Then follow, with their respective consorts, Oscar's sons Charles XV (whose daughter, as Queen of Denmark, was a sister-in-law of our own Queen Alexandra), and Oscar II, in whose reign Sweden and Norway were finally separated. He was the father of the present King Gustavus V, whose consort, Queen Victoria, was laid to rest here in 1930.

Such are some of "The Dead of the Royal Race of Bernadotte who await the Resurrection in this Holy place."

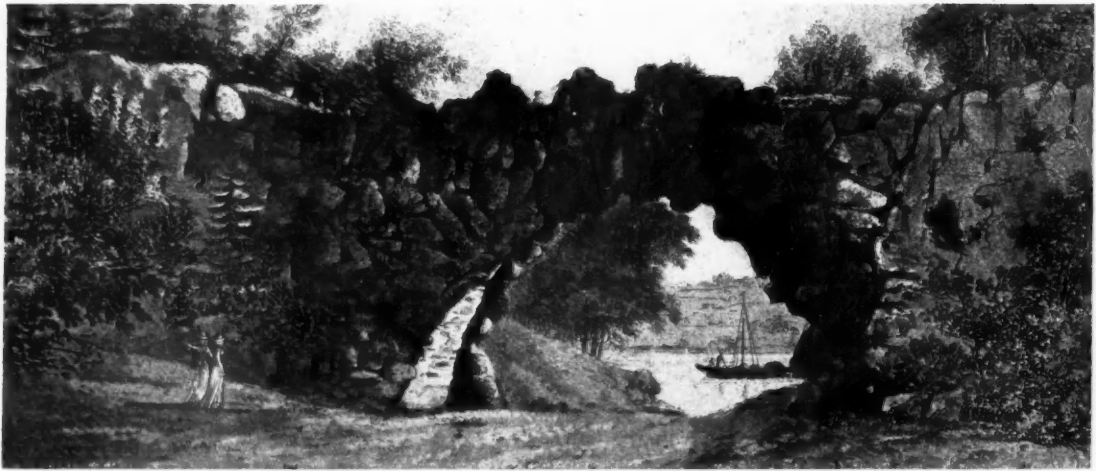
(Photographs by courtesy of the Swedish Travel Bureau.)



THE GUSTAVAN BURIAL VAULT WITH
 THE SARCOPHAGUS OF GUSTAVUS
 ADOLPHUS



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BERNADOTTE CHAPEL, SHOWING THE PLATES OF THE ORDER OF THE SERAPHIM.
 The entrance to the vault, in the foreground, is normally covered with a large flagstone



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE AT PARK PLACE, HENLEY

SOCIAL LIFE IN GEORGIAN DAYS IN BERKSHIRE AND OXFORDSHIRE

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES HIGGINS, C.M.G., D.S.O.

IF the predictions of the effect of the recent staggering increases in the income tax and death duties on those still possessing estates in England are going to prove correct, it would seem well to take stock of those estates that are still left before *rigor mortis* finally sets in.

Here I shall only cover two counties, and to do so shall quote extensively from the diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick House, Oxfordshire.

It would be difficult to find more suitable diaries to draw on for this purpose. For their author seems to have visited nearly every estate and house of note in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. She was also on intimate terms with a very large number

of the principal families in these two counties, and appears never to have missed any social entertainment given by any of them. But she did not confine herself to Berkshire and Oxfordshire. There is scarcely a place of any importance in England which she did not visit—Knole, Stowe, Stourhead, Corsham, Holkham, Castle Howard, Houghton, Shugborough, Hagley, Osterley, Mount Edgumbe—one could continue the list indefinitely.

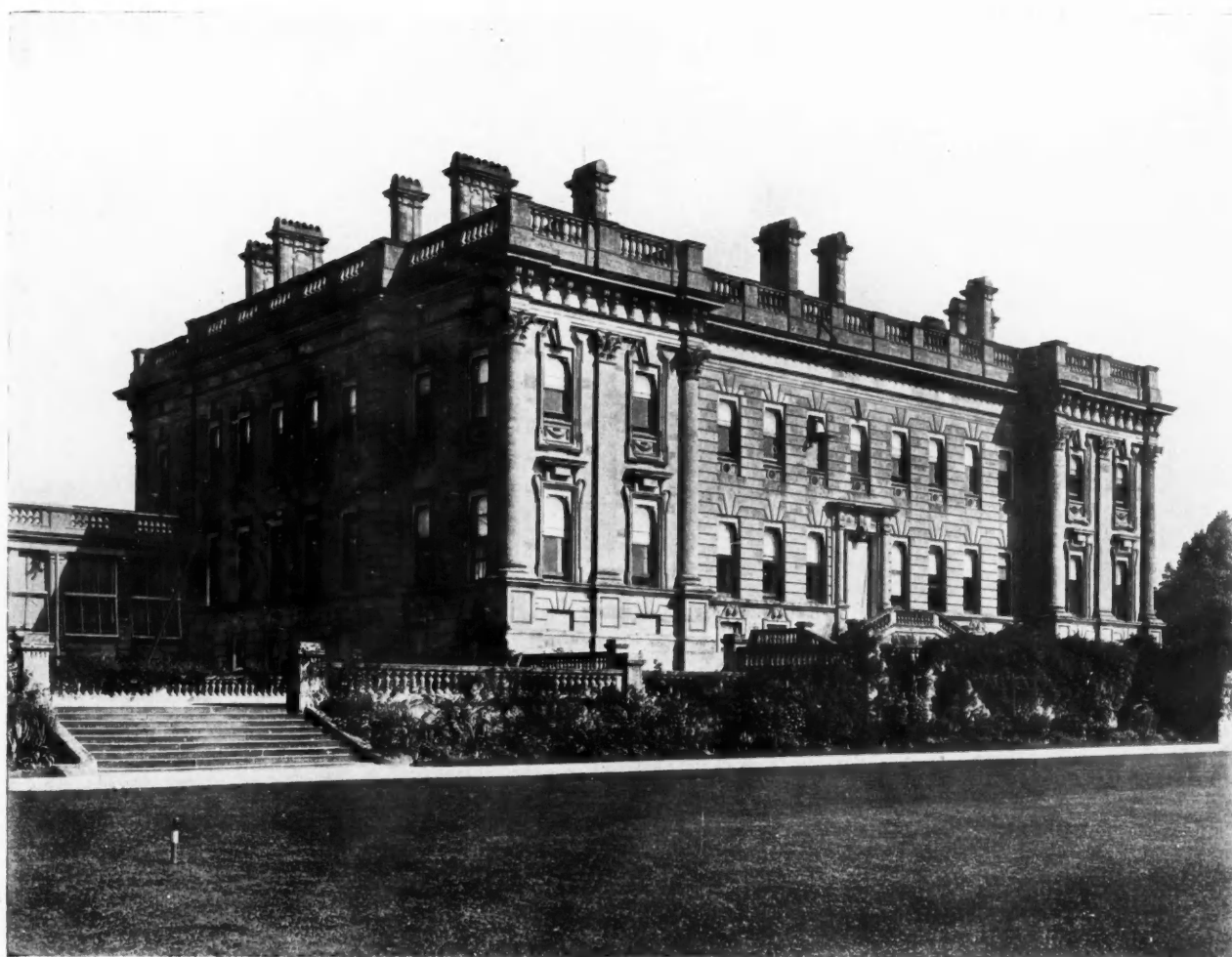
All her social activities over the long period of more than fifty years are faithfully recorded in these pages. Yet in some ways the diaries are more remarkable for what they don't tell than for what they do—and for this reason they would possibly



HARDWICK HOUSE, THE HOME OF MRS. LYBBE POWYS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



SHIRBURN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LORD MACCLESFIELD



HEYTHROP, OWNED BY LORD SHREWSBURY IN MRS. POWYS'S TIME

disappoint some people. All through the diaries not one intrigue, nor, indeed, the slightest breath of scandal affecting any of the persons she moved among, can be found mentioned in her pages. This, too, in an age when, it has been said, society was one vast casino.

When well past middle life she was constantly attending theatrical entertainments and balls at Wargrave given by Lord Barrymore. He was a most notorious young rake, in times when to be called one entailed more than living up to your reputation.

They were masked balls, and the Prince of Wales used to attend them: neither "Prinnie" nor Lord Barrymore, of whom Sir Egerton Brydges wrote "He shone a meteor of temporary wonder and regret, by freaks which would have disgraced Buckingham or Rochester," were in the habit of passing their evenings where only the wayside flowers bloomed.

Yet to Mrs. Lybbe Powys these entertainments seem to have appeared affairs as innocent as a children's Christmas party at a vicarage: certainly, it would seem more than improbable that she herself in the course of her long social career was ever called on to resist the temptations of personal advances. From her own description of herself, we know that she was exceedingly short and suffered in maturer years from *embonpoint*: a combination unlikely to attract admirers in those times.

In another direction she differed from most diarists in her days and especially from those who were constantly travelling on the English roads. She scarcely ever mentions the expenses of these journeys, or the price of anything in her daily life. She does, indeed, tell us once that two good chickens could be bought at Honiton for 6d., and that veal in the same town



KIRTLINGTON PARK. ONE OF SIR JAMES DASHWOOD'S ELABORATELY DECORATED SALONS



SHOTOVER PARK, NEAR OXFORD, BUILT BY VANBRUGH FOR BARON SCHUTZ

cost 1½d. per pound. Otherwise, she confines herself to mentioning nice round sums of £100,000 or so, which her various friends have inherited or bequeathed.

She and her husband travelled about in stage coaches, post-chaises, private carriages and whisks—in anything, in fact, that a horse could draw. Some of their tours took them 700 miles, and in addition to the large number of private houses they stayed at, they put up at numerous inns. Scarcely once does she complain about the lack of comfort at any inn or of the charges they make. Yet Byng, who during much of this period was on his riding tours through England, never ceased in the four volumes of his diaries to rail against the inns.

"I look upon an inn as the seat of all roguery, profaneness and debauchery," he writes. Undoubtedly, Byng and the Powyses must have stayed at the same inns, and in all probability at the same time.

Mrs. Lybbe Powys was born on January 7th, 1739. She was the only child of John Girdle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. He owned land at Beenham, Bucklebury, Padworth and Ufton in Berkshire. Her mother was a daughter and coheir of John Slaney of Yardley and Lulsley, Worcestershire. When a young girl, before her marriage, she travelled extensively with her parents throughout England: she was in London when George II died in November, 1760, and saw George III drive in state to the House of Lords in the following month.

A year later her father died, leaving her a minor heiress, and in 1762 she was married to Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick House, Oxfordshire. The Powyses were an ancient family from Wales who had come into Hardwick through marriage with Isabella Lybbe. Hardwick House had been in possession of the Lybbe family since 1526. Part of the house dates from Richard II, but the main part is Tudor. Queen Elizabeth stayed there. It was sacked by the Parliamentary troops in the Civil War, and after the Restoration the south front was re-built by Anthony Lybbe. Hardwick is noted for the beauty of its woods and gardens and for its fine views of the Thames Valley.

After her marriage Mrs. Powys settled down to live at Hardwick with her husband and father-in-law. Her husband had been afflicted with smallpox, but she writes to a friend that the ravages it had left on his face gave him a rough, manly look.

Although Hardwick is in Oxfordshire, the Powyses looked upon Reading as their county town, and she tells us what a fair town it was then and how beautiful were the surroundings it was set in. It is, indeed, different now. Reading, where once English kings sat and Parliaments were held, has been

more savagely dealt with by man during the last hundred years than any other county town in England. Long, mean approaches from north, south, east and west now lead to the main thoroughfare—an exact replica of London's Edgware Road, and from all directions Praed Streets run into it. Its most visible architectural ornaments are a railway station, a castellated Victorian gaol, and a biscuit factory, the last being the best.

Reading has long ceased to possess any of the attributes generally associated with the county town of an agricultural county: no county gentleman, after transacting his business at the Shire Hall, wishes to linger a minute longer in it than is necessary. But throughout the long period covered by Mrs. Powys' diaries, the Reading races in the month of August drew all the people of fashion from many miles round.

The Powyses always attended them, likewise the assemblies and balls which were held in the same week. Mrs. Powys describes the balls as brilliant. Berkshire in the eighteenth century was well provided with racecourses—Ascot, to start with, which the Powyses seldom missed, then Reading in August, and Maidenhead and Newbury, on the old course, later in the year. Going to the Maidenhead races in September, 1787, she reports that the whole of the Royal Family were present.

The other great centre of social attraction was Henley: every year brilliant balls were given in the town, and all the large houses in the neighbourhood for miles round were packed full of guests for them. There were also amateur theatricals with a very fashionable cast, which always included Lord Villiers. In 1807, when Mrs. Powys was sixty-six and had eighteen grandchildren, she was still driving in to the Henley balls and returning to Hardwick in the small hours of the morning, even in the depths of winter. A few years later she was to have twenty-one grandchildren, one of her daughters having obliged with triplets.

In their early married life the three closest friends of the Powyses and the ones they visited most often were the Freemans at Fawley Court, Marshal Conway and his wife, the beautiful Lady Ailesbury, at Park Place, Henley, and Lord Cadogan at Caversham Lodge. No members of any of these families own these places now.

Fawley Court had been built by William Freeman in 1684, from designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and the grounds had been laid out by "Capability" Brown. Previous to this the original manor house of Fawley had been owned by Sir Bulstrode Whitlock, the last Governor of Henley during the Civil War, and had suffered much damage from the Royalist troops quartered

there. After more than 150 years of occupation by the Freemans, the property was sold to Mr. E. D. Mackenzie in 1853.

Park Place, Henley, had been bought by Marshal Conway, after the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, its former owner, in 1754. He and his wife carried out the most extensive alterations both to the house and gardens. In the words of those days, "Every effort of successful art to aid and improve nature has been used here." After Marshal Conway's death the property was bought by the Malmesburys. They again completely altered the house and gave the most magnificent and costly entertainments in it, which the Powyses attended.

Caversham Lodge, as it was called at that time, had been built by the first Lord Cadogan, Marlborough's great friend. In the time of the Powyses it was owned by the third Lord Cadogan. It was a very large stone mansion in the Palladian style, with a terrace said to be the finest in England; the grounds and gardens had been designed by "Capability" Brown. They were noted for the beauty of their trees and for their fine views over the Thames on to the most ancient and picturesque part of Reading.

About 1780 Lord Cadogan sold the property to Colonel

there, they found the house disappointing after Shotover.

For some time now Mrs. Powys and her husband had been living at Fawley Rectory with his brother, who had been given the living by Mr. Sambrook Freeman. They had found Hardwick House too large for only two people to live in, and had let it. Life in a rectory must have been rather a change for them, after spending twenty-two years in the grandeur and dignity of the Hardwick surroundings. But rather than diminishing their social activities, this seems to have intensified them; and it was during their time at Fawley Rectory that, in 1789 and 1790, she attended frequent balls and theatricals given by Lord Barrymore, balls at Henley and balls given by the Freemans. On September 28th, 1790, she reports having worn a black domino at one of Lord Barrymore's balls and having got home between six and seven a.m. She was then past fifty.

During all this time the Powyses had been to Bath every year to take the waters, generally to London for the season, and in addition had made extensive tours to other parts of England. On returning from the London season one year she makes the entry: "Mr. Powys and myself returned to Fawley I cannot say (tho in the Country) to still life for our most



NUNEHAM, THE HOME OF THE HARCOURTS

Marsack, and, after changing hands again, it was re-built in 1856. In 1922 the Oratory School took it over as their home, and since then it has suffered severely from a fire. These three places were among the ones nearest to the Powyses' and those most frequently visited.

But they did not confine themselves to this neighbourhood: every year they stayed at Bletchington Park with the Annesleys, and from here in 1778 Mrs. Powys notes: "In this part of our county there are more fine houses near each other, than in any, I believe, in England. We were reckoning nineteen within a morning's airing, worth seeing."

She describes the staircase then at Bletchington, as by far the noblest staircase she had ever seen. From Bletchington visits used to be made to the other places in North Oxfordshire—Middleton Park; Heythrop, then owned by Lord Shrewsbury; Ditchley (Lord Lichfield), and Kirtlington Park. At the time of their visit to Kirtlington, in 1778, the house was not yet finished, but she says that when completed it will be a most noble house. She tells us that the owner, Sir James Dashwood, who was then sixty-three, was one of the finest men she had ever seen. He and his descendants seem to have found no difficulty in transmitting this hereditary gift right up to the present generation.

Another Oxfordshire seat they used to go and stay at was Shotover Park. It was at this date owned by Mr. Schutz, whose father, Baron Schutz had come over to England with George II. Visiting the Harcourts at Nuneham from

agreeable and social neighbourhood never suffer their friends to pass a day solo." Certainly nothing could stop this lady's social activities: in 1795, at the age of fifty-six, she reports having dined at Henley Park and being obliged to walk there, accompanied by her maid with bundles of clothes, as horses could not be used from snow and ice.

In 1807, at Bath, she followed in the funeral procession of Mr. Walter Long, which started from his house in Gay Street; she tells us that the cavalcade was very magnificent, and that he left £800,000. With no death duties to pay, his heir, as was remarked of someone else at this time, ought to have been able to "jog along."

On the last day of December, 1808, Mrs. Powys's long diary abruptly ends. She was ill, and made no further entry. She lived, however, until 1817, dying at the age of seventy-nine.

This short review of the social life of the Powyses, starting nearly two hundred years ago, clearly establishes one fact: it is that the advent of the motor car has not brought increased sociability among the neighbours in the country districts. It has, on the contrary, led to the chosen few among one's friends, no matter what the distance, being visited more frequently, and the remainder probably not at all.

To conclude, it may be of interest to give a list of the families and properties in Berkshire and Oxfordshire best known to Mrs. Powys nearly two hundred years ago, and note how many of them still remain there in 1939.

Hardwick House itself, after being in the possession of the Lybbe and Powys families for nearly four hundred years, is at the time of writing sheltering the London staff of the South American Railway Company lines. The property was acquired about 1904 by Sir Charles Day Rose, first baronet, who had previously rented it from the Powys-Lybbe family.

Looking at this list, most people, I think, will be surprised to find so many properties still in the same family ownership as when Mrs. Powys knew them.

<i>Properties that have changed hands since 1808</i>	<i>Formerly the home of the</i>	<i>Properties that have changed hands since 1808</i>	<i>Formerly the home of</i>
Englefield House (Berks)	Englefields	Heythrop	The Earl of Shrewsbury
Culham Court (Berks)	Westes	Kirtlington Park	Sir James Dashwood
Fawley Court and Henley Park	Freemans	<i>Properties retained by the same family</i>	
Badgemore	Grotes	Stonor	The home of
Crowsley Park (Berks)	Atkins Wright	Shirburn Castle	Lord Camoys
Greys Court	Stapletons	Wormsley	The Earl of Macclesfield
Harpden Court	Halls	Bletchington Park	Fanes
Caversham Park	The Earl of Cadogan	Wasing Place (Berks)	Viscount Valentia
Park Place, Henley	General Conway	Nuneham	Major Sir Wm. Mount, Bt.
Shotover Park	Schutzs	Middleton Park	Viscount Harcourt
		Mapledurham	The Earl of Jersey
			Blounts.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

ENGLAND, OUR ENGLAND, BY LORD GORELL

THE SPIRIT OF MAN. Compiled by Robert Bridges. (Longmans, 3s. 6d.)

THE KNAPSACK. Edited by Herbert Read, D.S.O., M.C. (Routledge, 6s.)

VIGIL. Compiled by Muriel Box. (Hodge, 3s. 6d.)

TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND. An Anthology by Martin Gilkes. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

THE FOXHUNTER'S WEEK-END BOOK. D. W. E. Brock, M.F.H. (Seeley Service, 8s. 6d.)

THIS has been, from a literary point of view, the age of extracts. In recent times, before, that is, we were in a state of declared war, a considerable number of publications of many kinds have made their appearance, having this at least in common, that they consisted neither of original nor of completed work, but were composed of digests, excerpts and snippets, good, bad, and indifferent. They no doubt suited a hectic age when no one felt much inclined to seek original sources, when everyone was hurried and wanted their information served up in sandwiches, and when the critical faculty was not over-developed. These will doubtless continue and even increase in war when all these conditions are manifest. But in addition, as the great majority of lives have been so seriously interfered with, as time for reading is shortened at the same moment as the appetite for it is strengthened—in some respects at least—and, thirdly, as space is circumscribed, it is natural and fitting that with the coming of war conditions we should also see the prevalence of anthologies of intelligence and purpose.

Mr. Herbert Read puts the case best in the opening words of his preface to his anthology THE KNAPSACK, which is described as "a pocket-book of prose and verse specially designed for use on active service"! He says, "during the last war, as a soldier on active service, I was very conscious of the need of a book which I could carry about with me as part of my kit, and which would suit the various moods and circumstances of my unsettled existence." We who were also on active service and associated later with the rise of the Army Educational Corps were conscious of this need both in ourselves and in soldiers generally, and it is interesting to note that the Army chiefs of to-day (and educationists) are beginning to show signs of a belief that they have discovered this again and believe it new. But it is true of more than soldiers, perhaps because all to-day are, if not on active service, at least serving and leading "unsettled existences."

Good anthologies, therefore, have a valuable rôle to-day to fill, and here we have five, all in their different ways designed to give to the busied, troubled people now at war something to stimulate, interest, amuse, and inspire—and, inevitably and, as is most fitting, the basis of that something is in reality the thought of England. Not all the five are directly concerned in voicing that, but none passes it by or wishes to.

Martin Gilkes in his anthology TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND is direct, taking toll of our writers historically as they wrote of this little land: the direct is perhaps not quite the most effective method, or possibly it is that the compiler's choices are a trifle too arbitrary—for my judgment at any rate; it is a good selection, but it is not the one of the five that I should choose. Nor for all its height and purpose is VIGIL, which is "an anthology of prayer": there are great prayers included, but there are—again for my judgment—too many great prayers omitted. But of course one must readily admit that no anthology can ever satisfy every reader. THE SPIRIT OF MAN is a revival, chosen by an expert of profound knowledge and delicate judgment; it satisfied numbers in the last war and will doubtless do the same in this. And yet I find myself agreeing with Herbert Read, who writes that though it was his constant companion it "failed to satisfy completely the realistic standards of our daily life." It is too high-toned, high-brow, in fact.

This the fourth on my list certainly is not. THE FOXHUNTER'S WEEK-END BOOK is for all who have English country sport in their veins; it is perhaps too exclusively, as its title denotes, for fox-hunters, but many who never hunted foxes will enjoy it greatly. And so I come to the fifth, Herbert Read's THE KNAPSACK, and that is the one that appeals to me personally as the most suited to its

purpose: I will wager that it will in fact be found in many a soldier's kit and also in many a civilian's bag—it will in mine. It has variety and volume; it has a handy format, and it is thoroughly well suited to "the average lively mind" to which the Preface refers. This adopts the indirect method; eulogies of our loved land appear because no English anthology could be compiled justifiably without them, but they are not ostensibly the object. Yet no compiler who maintains, as Herbert Read boldly and greatly does, that "the love of glory, even in our materialistic age, is still the main source of virtue" can help giving his readers many a thrill and causing the true patriotism that is founded on love and not on bombast to glow like a flame.

And yet when all is said and in spite of the heritage of English poetry, apart too from the greatness of tributes to England by English prose writers, it is to a foreigner and a humorist that I turn finally, and his words are not in Herbert Read's book but in D. W. E. Brock's. Here to carry, blazoned in the heart, are the words of Mark Twain, which I take again from THE FOXHUNTER'S WEEK-END BOOK: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt. That beauty which is England alone—it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details—just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles—and over it all a mellow haze of history."

Could anyone, soldier or civilian, have a better extract with which to live to-day?

INSIDE THE B.B.C.

Having edited *The Listener* for ten years with conspicuous success, Mr. R. S. Lambert has now sought wider and more adventurous words to conquer and so can write freely in *ARIEL AND ALL HIS QUALITY* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) about that great and complex piece of mechanism called the B.B.C. The public has always taken an almost morbid interest in its internal working and has relished any information that could be termed "intriguing" or "provocative." To such tastes Mr. Lambert does not pander; he describes at length the B.B.C. *cause célèbre* of which he was the central figure, but he always writes seriously and temperately. He is a man of courageous and independent mind, not, if one may say so, averse from what is vulgarly known as a jolly row. When he says, for instance, that "the B.B.C. has chiefly succeeded in fitting itself to be an instrument of Government—for intellectual and cultural purposes—in the totalitarian State of the future" we may scent a general tendency to be "agin the Government" and allow a little for it. However much he may have disliked that spirit of "paternalism" which, according to him, brooded with solemn wings over Portland Place, we feel sure that he tries to be fair. As for the "Talking Mongoose" case having served its turn by titillating the public appetite it may now go topsy-turvy into space. To re-read it is to wonder how so much ado was allowed to develop from so little. It is also to perceive that Mr. Lambert enabled certain things to be said that wanted saying and that by so gamely, or even obstinately, sticking to his guns he did good service in clearing the air.

Certain chapters dealing with the complicated relations of the various departments may be too technical for some readers, but everyone ought to enjoy the account of broadcasting in its early days, when it was a great adventure enjoyed by a band of pioneers for the most part young and cheerful. The portraits of the leading personages of those days, such as Miss Hilda Matheson who did so much for "Talks," are lively and discriminating; the one of Sir John Reith not unsympathetic, and that of his chief lieutenant, Admiral Carpendale, touched with a pleasant humour. Nothing is better or more illuminating than the description of a young Scot, with rather a good conceit of himself, who interviewed the Deputy Director General about a job and advanced the fact that he had been offered a fellowship at an Oxford college. "Well, I wouldn't let him get away with that! I told him we took no stock of fellowships here; that they were three-a-penny anyway; and that he would get no bigger salary at Savoy Hill because of it. . . . By the way," went on the Admiral reflectively, "what is a fellowship?" B. D.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES RICKETTS

The studio of Charles Ricketts and his life-long friend Charles Shannon was one of inspiring force at the turn of the century. Sir Charles Holmes has admitted how much he personally owed to their encouragement, and he was by no means the only one to have his

artistic tastes reared in this hot-house atmosphere. As painter, printer and collector, as a lover of beauty in music, art and literature, Charles Ricketts lived a full life, and his enjoyment of it is recorded in this selection of his correspondence. Mr. Cecil Lewis, the editor of *SELF PORTRAIT. LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES RICKETTS* (Peter Davies, 15s.) modestly says that a preface is never read, and therefore paints a charming picture of his friend without reserve in the opening pages. The rest of the book, consisting of letters and journals, is perforce somewhat scrappy—one wishes the editor had supplied a fuller biography as a connecting thread; but there are charming passages in which Ricketts describes his journeys to Italy and Spain and Greece, his delights over his purchases and his friend's successes, their residence at the Keep, Chilham Castle, where they enjoyed the hospitality of the late Sir Edmund Davis, the trials of the Great War, his work for the theatre in designing the setting for Saint Joan and other historical plays, and all these records and impressions are interspersed with shrewd remarks bearing on life in general. His comment on a Royal Commission on Art is that State patronage tends always to encourage the imitation artist, and a political discussion in 1900 was quite prophetic when it turned on "the chance of that idea still alive in military Germany, the creation of an armed nation to rule ultimately by the force of cohesion, training, and armed science." The book is illustrated with several pages from the Vale Press productions and with other works by Charles Ricketts.

CHANGE AND GROWTH

How weary we all became, for years, of novels through which the last war dragged its familiar length. But now what new lights are on that war which was so strangely like, so even more strangely unlike this one. As we read Mr. George Blake's *THE VALIANT HEART* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), we are both interested in the human tale that the author has to tell, and conscious of that newness—a newness like that of reading again, after half a lifetime, some masterpiece first encountered in youth. Mr. Blake adds to his literary stature with each book; this one shows

not only his knowledge of Scotland, ships, men, women and the last war, but his deepened thought, mellowed charity, matured wisdom. In Lawrence Cumming he draws a fine portrait of a man whose main-spring is integrity, a man receiving his full share of life's blows, reeling under them, rallying from them, and in the end "a man completely and inviolably content, a man who had quarried simplicity out of the hard rock of life." This is a novel to be read thankfully, for it will induce a quiet mind; it reaffirms eternal values amid the shifting fogs of our own day. V. H. F.

SIX GENERATIONS

If you are good at genealogical trees, this long, leisurely novel called *ASHLEY HAMEL* (Constable, 8s. 6d.) will be a godsend through many black-out evenings. It is the story of an English village, as represented by generations of three leading families in it, from 1793 to 1921. Miss Hilda Reid might belong to any of these generations herself, so much at home is she in all her periods. Changing beliefs, customs, manners and speech are dealt with faithfully, and always through the medium of living, loving, suffering human beings. But those who are not good at genealogical trees, and those who like to follow the fortunes of one set of characters only, throughout the whole length of a novel, are warned that in this excellently written and very English book, shot with quiet irony and wit, they will be called upon to shift their chronological position and their group of characters six times. V. H. F.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST

UNFINISHED VICTORY, by Arthur Bryant (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.); *THE LOCKS OF NORBURY*, by the Duchess of Sermonea (Murray, 18s.); *LIFE IN THE BUSH, 1840-1847*, by F. J. Meyrick (Nelson, 7s. 6d.); *THIS WAY SOUTHWARD*, by A. F. Tschiffely (Heinemann, 15s.); *A DATE IN THE DESERT*, by G. L. Steer (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.). *Fiction*: *MR. SKEFFINGTON*, by "Elizabeth" (Heinemann, 9s.); *ROCHESTER'S WIFE*, by D. E. Stevenson (Collins, 8s. 6d.); *DEATH FORMS THREE*, by Clifton Robbins (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 3d.).

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

THE ABSTAINER'S RETURN

AS I sit down to write I feel that frost and fate have dealt hardly with me. I am well aware that I am not by any means the only sufferer at their hands, but still I have a serious grievance. I came home from Wales in order to watch the great gutty ball match at Mid-Surrey, and I was sustained during a little matter of eleven and three-quarter hours of journey (including two hours and twenty minutes in one waiting-room) by the reflection that this match would afford me golfing topics for weeks to come. Behold! the first news that greeted me at home was that the match was put off. It was a sad blow for less selfish reasons, for it ought to have been good and interesting fun. Nevertheless, I am glad it was postponed, because golf on frozen ground is not golf at all, and is not even amusing. If the game had been played I imagine that the strictly business-like backers of the gutty ball would have rejoiced, because the frost would have been all in their favour. The cast-iron ground would have given the gutty the length it wanted, and moreover the solid ball would not have bounded and kicked so diabolically as its more resilient rival. We must hope that the game will be played at some other date in normal conditions, and meanwhile I must fall back on my own resources.

Well, then, I have been to Aberdovey to play, or try to play, my first game of golf since the outbreak of war, and if I could only convey in words how pleasant it was I should make a great many golfers jealous. The journey there was made, comparatively speaking, in a fairy chariot, for I got there long before dinner-time, though I did stop at twenty-four separate stations between Shrewsbury and my destination, and if anybody says I did not I am prepared, for a small bet, to recite them in order. The weather for a week was as good as heart could desire: something of a mist on one day and a little bone in the ground and a chill wind on another, but on the whole wonderfully good with the seaside turf once more underfoot, no one to keep me back and—which is sadly important to a lame hobbler—nobody to press me from behind. I do not think I have ever seen the course so good in winter; it was so dry that one could have played in bedroom slippers, and the greens were admirable. Even when it is so dry the Aberdovey turf has in winter-time very little run in it. It retains that soft, velvety, almost mossy quality which it had nearly fifty years ago and caused our first honorary secretary to write ecstatically: "Low scores do not obtain at Aberdovey." Therefore the course was "playing long," and against the wind coming home even very long. Going out, I am prepared to admit that the golf is a little short and easy, though not now for me; but I know no more severe home-coming anywhere when the wind is adverse, no nine holes which I would rather see played by someone who can really hit the ball. Incidentally, those who know the course may be interested to hear that Smith, the professional, holed the thirteenth in three by holing a full spoon shot, and I have never heard of a three at that hole before. It was against a wind

but not at all a violent wind, and that little fact shows that our thirteenth can, even in these days, claim to be a three-shot hole. Personally, I might as well have hoped to get up in two shots as in three during the whole of my visit. I sometimes wish that the one-shot fifth hole could be transferred to the home-coming half, so as to balance the two nines better; but this will bore anyone who does not know the course, and heaven knows it is good enough as it is. I played with one golfer who said he had grown so fond of the course that it had now supplanted Muirfield in his affections. This from a Scotsman, and an Edinburgh Scotsman at that, is a compliment on which exclamation marks are the only possible comment.

It is an exciting moment to tee one's ball for the first real tee shot after three and a half months of abstinence, and in fact that shot proceeded straight down the course for a reasonable distance. It was otherwise with the spoon shot that followed. I know no hole in the world where the ball is likely to have so interesting a lie as that first hole; there are up slopes as well as down slopes, but my ball always lies hanging, and I topped it far, far short of the ditch. And, generally speaking, it seems to me that to the man completely out of practice the wooden club shot through the green is by far the most difficult. Nothing will induce the ball to rise to more than the most paltry height; he may get it up tolerably well with an iron, but with wood there seems at first to be some witchcraft necessary. I met a small lady of four years old who told me she had a spoon. She said she hit the ball along the ground with it, and added "That's best, isn't it?" I did not attempt to deceive her, feeling at the moment that, whether or not it was the best, it was the only way in which it was possible to hit it. As to putting, that began by being good and then descended to the purely drivelling. There is nothing unusual in that, for one can forget "the jitters" in the course of three months of abstinence, but they soon come back again. A Scottish friend told me the other day of an old Musselburgh caddie who said to him bluntly that he was "an awful bad putter" and that he ought to cultivate the thought that there was a sixpence under the ball, in order to keep his eye on it. I tried that, but it did not avail, and I don't believe that even a golden sovereign would have sufficed. I have at present serious thoughts, but that it would be extravagance in war-time, of buying a left-handed putter. I know two jitterers among my friends who have partially cured themselves by that heroic measure; yet I never have the courage for it.

I began by saying I should make other golfers jealous, and now here I am saying the most melancholy things, gloomy enough to deter them from ever playing again. That is because I have fallen into the fatal habit of writing of my own so-called golf. If they could have basked on my hill-top and seen the sun shining on the still waters of the estuary and the little islands of rippling sand in it and on the brown and purple hills beyond, then they would have been jealous indeed, for it is the dearest and loveliest view in the world.

A DAY OF PEACE

WAR-TIME INTERLUDE OF A SAILOR

A TELEGRAM on August 23rd found me and, as a result, the Royal Navy once more claimed me as a humble member and fastened me down upon an office stool in one of the great dockyard towns. Here I sweltered through all that burning month—the barracks an oven and the air foul with smoke and dust.

To one who had for years lived every day out of doors and for much of the time in the wilder and quieter parts of the country, this was really a mild foretaste of purgatory. Uniform was tight and hot, and one's shoes tighter and hotter. A wild and unreasoning feeling that freedom and liberty had gone for ever was continually to be fought. Gradually one became more accustomed, if not less resentful. But bitter were the thoughts of partridge—

tinguished ordnance officer might bring to the battle. They proved to be the standard variety and neither mitrailleuse nor pom-pom, and were, all day, remarkably well handled. The keeper was an elderly man and most of the beaters either "aged" or very young indeed, but I have seldom seen a shoot better run. All were wild birds, and how they flew! In one drive over the valley they came to me over an arc of at least ninety degrees, and high and fast. It was really a great stand. We had killed seventy by lunch-time, and all the guns had their share of shooting, and I thought the standard very high.

It was later in the day, when the beaters had gone a long way back on top of the hill, that I realised again the incredible beauty of England. Much leaf had fallen, but there was plenty on oak



"NEVER A BREATH OF AIR CAME TO MOVE THE LIGHTEST TWIG"

then pheasant-shooting days which were being lost, and more bitter still the knowledge that hounds would soon be in full cry and that the heart-shaking notes of the horn could never carry so far as to be heard in this loathly town.

So when an offer of a week-end stay in Somerset and a shoot were made there was little hesitation in accepting. And oh! the bliss to be away—to be out in the country once more—to stay in a large and comfortable house and be roused at a reasonable hour by the perfect butler. It is always a mild excitement to go to the window in the morning and look out upon a strange view, invisible the night before in the gathering darkness. There was no distance now, for the day was dull, but a fine slope of lawn and a formal garden with clipped yew hedges were to be seen, and across the valley loomed the woods of our day's sport. All was delightfully calm and still, and with a sigh of half pleasure and half pain I turned to my dressing.

A walk before breakfast to the pool proved a failure as regards shooting, for the duck were absent, but what a pleasure to be out and to realise that the day would be spent out of doors—in old and shabby clothes, and at liberty.

I would pass over the nine to ten period were it not for the ham. But so noble a pig must not pass unsung to his grave. It was a fine ham.

My host, alas! is past his shooting days; but the son of the house and six others met at ten. Every one was a serving officer in one of H.M. Forces, and there was much speculation as to the nature of the weapons which a gunner major and a dis-

and elm to colour the view, and what a glory of colour there was. Still dull, the day was nevertheless a lovely one. Never a breath of air came to move the lightest twig, and at last I knew what was so wonderful about it all. For there was no sound—no infernal racket from a distant road—no growing roar overhead—no mutter from a motor plough—nothing to break the silence which God had meant for the country when He made it.

A small boy in the days before motors, I had forgotten what England must have been like in those days, and now it came like a blow to know what I, and all of us who love the land, had missed. I believe my eyes filled with tears as I thought of the peace that was gone. How strange to think that hardly one of us is ever out of the range of one of these accursed mechanical devices and their blasphemous din.

Then in the far distance a dog barked, and farther still I could hear a farmer's boy as he called to his horses. And now the tap of the beaters' sticks came faintly, and on the far side of the covert was the clatter of a rising pheasant's wings.

Oh! to see a scarlet-clad horseman burst into view and to hear the wild "Gone awa-a-a-y." And once more my eyes filled with tears as I prayed: "God—sent it all back to us again. Let us know it once more, the peace of the country broken only by the country's own sounds. For we do but little harm and some good; we have planted and built, and not always for our own glory. We worship you, oh God, in our own way. Send this peace back to us once more and we will never again fail you!"

GEOFFREY CONGREVE.

ART AND CIVILISATION

Last Lectures of Roger Fry. Introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark. (Cambridge, 21s.)

How Came Civilisation? by Lord Raglan. (Methuen, 6s.)

A HISTORY of Taste covering the past hundred years will presumably be written at some distant date, when the historian will be able to see what have been the factors in its extraordinary changes. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the æsthetic barometer has swung from the Greek ideal, through Gothic, to the bizarre productions of the African jungle. It is difficult, if not impossible, for contemporaries to wholly understand why they feel less enthusiastic than their fathers for the art of this or that civilisation, and more so for another. Some reasons are obvious—the unfamiliar has become familiar, the unknown been discovered. But the main causes, which affect not only the appreciation but the creative art of an age, must go much deeper, and give an important indication of its spiritual and cultural condition. Each age is quite sure of its taste, yet the devotees of Ruskin would probably not have agreed that their nostalgia for the mediæval was due to a subconscious dread of the growing industrialism of the nineteenth century. Yet this can be seen now to have been an underlying cause. Is it a symptom of revolt against the scientific intellect of to-day that makes some contemporary artists find such satisfaction in the subconscious expressions of savage art? It almost seems that the æsthetic enthusiasms of an age reflect not its prevailing conditions but their opposites, supplying instinctively what life withholds.

It is perhaps significant of this that the qualities which Roger Fry increasingly sought in works of art, and in his last lectures made the touchstone of all art, were Sensibility and Vitality. We, his contemporaries, easily recognise the aptness of his diagnosis of what we are feeling for. But it would be interesting to know why we are so sympathetic to those qualities, which, a hundred or even thirty years ago, presumably left many sensitive minds, intent on other spiritual qualities, quite cold.

CIVILISATION MAY KILL ART

In the course of his lectures as Slade Professor at Cambridge, Roger Fry had promised himself the "intellectual adventure" of applying his theories of æsthetics to the visual art of the whole world. He had arrived only at the later phase of Greek art when he died. But in these lectures he had, by an amazing *tour de force*, covered the greater part of this vast field, chronologically and geographically speaking. And he had succeeded in establishing a common basis, not only for relating such widely different arts as those of Egypt, China, Greece, Peru, and Africa, but for explaining and justifying the re-orientation of æsthetic values that is taking place. Though incomplete, the series of lectures represents the matured views of a critic who has exerted a greater influence than any since Ruskin and was certainly best fitted for interpreting the taste of our age. He expressed its outlook in dismissing as futile any attempt to lay down "fixed standards of beauty," and excluded his own personal preferences as irrelevant. The qualities that he set himself to look for (Sir Kenneth Clark aptly suggests that "sensitivity" might be a better description than sensibility) he believed, are, and have always been, fundamental qualities of the artist's impulse in all ages and climes, and can be felt as clearly to-day across the centuries; though that is not to say that they have been the only, or the prevailing, impulses. On the contrary—and this is the peculiarly exciting implication of his view—only under exceptional circumstances has the constructive effort of building up and maintaining civilisation permitted these primary but imponderable qualities to find free expression. Over immense periods, and in whole civilisations, he maintained that they have been repressed or perverted—in Egypt by religious dogma, in Assyria by political policy, in Greece by intellectual preoccupation, and everywhere by the very necessity for early man to make sure of the identity of what he saw—with the result that whatever other qualities of craftsmanship and performance were thereby achieved, often of great technical virtuosity, the products of those civilisations generally lack to our eyes the supreme

virtues of sensibility and vitality. They tend to leave us impressed but cold.

On this basis, the chapters on Greek art, for instance, entirely reverse the accepted valuation of the Greek achievement in sculpture and vases. And nearly all Egyptian art is dismissed as defective. But far from questioning the greatness of the Greek intellect, Fry insisted that it was this very quality, this unique blend of curiosity and the power of generalisation, which prohibited the free functioning of "plastic sensibility."

He considered that, like their predecessors the Egyptians, the Greeks' approach was primarily intellectual. Their habit of seeing things in terms of concepts (such as ideal beauty, geometry, or anatomy)—in other words, their strongly developed conscious minds—suppressed subconscious intuition. At the opposite extreme is Negro sculpture, which provides in concentrated form the qualities Fry most admired. "These nameless, dateless masterpieces," he says, "have the same sort of control of the expressive elements of plastic form as the musician has of relations of notes." Of the civilised races, the Chinese alone succeeded in developing a balanced culture, rational and technical, without sacrificing, for long at any rate, sensibility and vitality. Of a little bronze bear (Fig. 165) in the Stoclet collection, he says, for instance:

It is one of the most masterly pieces of animal sculpture I know. Here we have an intimate intuitive understanding of animal life, a marvellous grasp of the essential character expressed in forms of the utmost simplicity. . . . Nothing in the natural object has been accepted as merely given; all has passed through the transmuting power of a creative mind. . . . We have the qualities of sensibility and vitality highly developed and yet kept under the control of an organising intelligence.

Other cultures reveal periodically, generally in an early phase, evidence of these spontaneous impulses: even Indian and American art have their moments. But Fry demonstrated persuasively how the perfecting of civilisation, the improvement of craftsmanship, or the stiffening hand of tradition has almost invariably suppressed the first fine careless rapture, which is what we want to-day, in most cases not to be recaptured.

Art, then, as the expression of the æsthetic qualities that are most valued to-day, is not necessarily assisted by intellectual or material progress. Generally the reverse, and only in exceptional circumstances have the artist's as opposed to the artisan's ideals developed and not degenerated as a result of increasing civilisation.

HOW DID IT BEGIN?

While I was reading Fry's lectures I came across Lord Raglan's little book on the origins and progress of civilisation, of which one of the most interesting contentions is that civilisation, similarly, tends to degenerate unless subject to external contacts with other progressive cultures. "While the theory of progress supposes that every human group, if left alone, tends inevitably to improve its culture, all the evidence shows the exact opposite to be the case, namely, that every human group, if left alone, tends invariably to loss of culture and general deterioration." "Civilisation," he tells us, "far from being a process that keeps going on everywhere, is really an event which has only happened twice"

—somewhere about 4000 B.C. in South-west Asia, whence the basic inventions have been diffused all over the world (wheels, domesticated animals, pots, the bow, etc.); and at that crucial period beginning in the fifteenth century A.D. when, for the first time in the world's history, inventiveness (that is, science) became separated from the body of traditional and religious beliefs.

The "diffusionist" theory of civilisation is supported by a formidable and increasing body of scientists, and, for that matter, by the conclusions of art-history. The older view, based on the romantic theory of the "noble savage" and the natural perfectibility of man, assumed that every isolated race invented its arts for itself and will in time evolve a complete civilisation. The diffusionists, on the contrary, see in "backward" races peoples reverting to man's natural condition of ignorance and savagery, instancing the Tasmanians who no longer have boats, Polynesians who will not venture out



BRONZE BEAR. CHINESE, HAN DYNASTY

(From "Last Lectures of Roger Fry")

of sight of land and have forgotten how to make pots, and Negroes who once could build Zimbabwe. So far from necessity being the mother of invention, "there is no single invention which can, with the slightest degree of probability, be ascribed to necessity." On the contrary, invention requires prosperity, leisure, and freedom from the *taboos* that circumscribe the savage mind.

Exactly where and how these conditions were first achieved we do not know, but Lord Raglan's deduction is that the first inventions derived more probably from the requirements of religious ritual and leisured priests than from the brain-wave of a savage (who does not have brain-waves). The history of art supports this view in so far that the earliest works of art invariably have a ritualistic purpose which is only gradually and not invariably expanded. Even in Europe at the Renaissance, "a slightly altered set of circumstances might have prevented Science's rise, and have caused civilisation in Western Europe to follow the same course as it did in India and China: that is to say, to reach a certain proficiency in literature, the arts and crafts and then gradually decay."

WILL IT LAST?

At a time like the present many must ask themselves whether our civilisation is not, in fact, already degenerating and may be going the way of its predecessors. Lord Raglan thinks that no cataclysm is likely to be so widespread as to destroy the material knowledge of science, on which our civilisation rests. But he does discern the possibility of decay "due to the belief that we could and should go back to nature, shaking off the burden of tradition and all that it entails, and living and developing in the innocent freedom of primitive man. In John Buchan's words: 'That degeneration of democratic theory which imagines that there is peculiar inspiration in the opinions of the ignorant.'" We do not have to look very far nowadays to see that this form of degeneration is, if not actually in progress, at least actively advocated in many societies. It may make us feel uncomfortable about

Roger Fry's admiration for the primitive (Lord Raglan would call it degenerate) qualities of savage art. The visual arts of recent centuries have shown most of the symptoms of being suppressed by the intense scientific mentality of modern civilisation which seems to have taken the place of priestly or political *taboo* in ancient cultures. Here is the voice of science condemning as degenerate some of the very sources in which the artist finds "sensitivity and vitality" in the highest degree. The question arises whether, assuming the continued advance of science, the creative arts can continue to function along the lines with which we have been accustomed. They have not progressed correspondingly with the advance of science, towards achieving the ideal balance of conscious and unconscious qualities, unless we may, with Mr. Herbert Read, see in *surréalisme* the æsthetic counterpart of the scientific mentality. On the other hand, as Roger Fry himself hoped, the hugely widened horizons of artistic appreciation may, so far as the arts are concerned, act as those "external contacts" postulated by the scientist as essential for the preservation of civilisation—in this case by renewing the sensitivity and vitality of the arts.

Meanwhile, both arts and sciences are temporarily diverted from their proper development while mankind convincingly demonstrates his underlying and natural savagery. It has therefore been the greater pleasure to read these two enthralling discussions of their proper spheres. In discussing only one aspect of Fry's lectures it has not been possible to refer to his extraordinarily penetrating analyses of the individual works of art illustrated, to the number of 350 and finely reproduced. But a very sincere tribute must be paid to Sir Kenneth Clark for his editing of Fry's manuscripts, many of which were only in the form of notes, and for tracing the works of art alluded to, often identifiable only with much difficulty, in such a way that the reader finds it hard to realise that Fry had not passed the whole work in proof himself.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

FARMING NOTES

SEED OATS—LABOUR AND WAGES—WOMEN'S LAND ARMY IN HANTS— THE "EARLY BITE"—SCRAP-IRON

ALL the talk about Government control of seed oat prices dissolved into a gentleman's undertaking given by the seed merchants that they would do their best to keep prices at a reasonable level. If there is a scarcity in some parts of the country the National Farmers' Union will use its good offices to spread supplies and keep the trade moving on normal lines. It is to be hoped that this arrangement will work satisfactorily in the interests of those farmers who are buying seed oats as well as those who are selling. The Scotsmen think that they hold the key to the position, and until now they have been asking stiff prices for oats suitable for seed. But I see no justification for prices over 50s. a quarter for ordinary commercial lots. This is not a time for Scottish farmers, or English farmers for that matter, who have seed oats for sale to hold their fellow-farmers to ransom. Many of those who will be in the market for oats are small farmers now ploughing one or two small fields to grow fodder crops for their cattle, and they can ill afford to pay extravagant prices for seed. I have heard of 80s. a quarter being asked for commercial seed oats. That is out of all reason, and I do not believe that such prices will rule.

The dry spell after Christmas enabled farmers to go ahead with threshing, and the supply should be equal to the demand. No one can say how much of the 1939 oat crop is going for feeding purposes. Certainly it is a higher proportion than usual, owing to the shortage of normal feeding-stuffs. Nor is it known how many acres out of the extra being ploughed for the 1940 harvest will be planted with oats. But if seed oat prices rocket, that will be a deterrent to oat-growing in districts where other crops are likely to do as well. Kale or root crops will no doubt be chosen for a good deal of the newly ploughed land. We have never rated kale—the marrow-stem and thousand-head varieties—as highly as we should. The food value of kale for dairy cows is considerably above that of mangolds.

There would be a widespread reversion to root-growing if we were more sure of the labour that will be available next summer and autumn. It is the lack of skilled men which is worrying many farmers in their ambition to make their farms more nearly self-supporting in feeding-stuffs. They are apprehensive that if they launch out with large new arable commitments they will be caught short of labour for hoeing roots, for corn harvest and when it comes to lifting potatoes and sugar beet. For my own part I cannot see any more skilled men in prospect. An armament factory and two aerodromes have taken four skilled men away from the farm in the past two years, and I cannot offer comparable wages up to £4 a week to tempt them back. Wages are the key of the labour problem, and the root cause of our troubles is no less than the capacity of the agricultural industry to pay good enough wages to compete with Government contractors and other industries. Just as soon as possible we must raise the

status of our industry and, like the coal-mining industry, insist on getting prices which will provide a fair wage for the workers. The public cannot fail to understand that argument. There is no other remedy for the drift from the land, and no other means of winning to the land the boys who are leaving our village schools. They will go, naturally enough, where the prospects are good.

But while the stress of war lasts, there is little prospect of our farms regaining many experienced men who have found other employment away from the land. We must look to an accession of unskilled hands to help us through this summer and the rest of the war. We should be able to count on getting all the soldier labour we want. By the time we need them prisoners of war may be available. I remember in the last war we set aside one outlying cottage for them, where they lodged in charge of a corporal. Sons of the soil of Bavaria, they were soon at home in our fields, much more so indeed than the Cockney corporal, who found life with us too slow for his liking. They made a good team, and at parting I think the regret was mutual. One of them sent a greeting card the following Christmas, and I remember writing back to tell him how the calves he helped to rear were doing.

Failing prisoners of war—and this war does not proceed on established lines—we could do far worse than find an opening to some of the hundreds of public school lads who are waiting to be called up. The nation does not seem to want them from the age of eighteen when they leave school until they are called up at twenty, and those of them who have a liking for country life will be valuable recruits to help through the spring, summer and autumn. Once we get into the rush of summer work these lads as well as the Women's Land Army will be wanted, and now is the time to make the necessary arrangements.

The report of a meeting of the committee of the Hants Women's Land Army, held at the Castle, Winchester, on January 3rd, gives some interesting particulars for that region. The Hon. Laura Palmer, the Organising Secretary, reported that there were now 609 active members on the register. Forty-two volunteers had received college training and 137 had received training on approved farms. There are about 238 members in employment and eighty-eight trained volunteers available for employment at short notice. The remaining volunteers will be called up as they are needed.

The demand for members of the W.L.A., it was reported, is increasing, especially for milkers and milk roundsmen, and there is a need for volunteers who can drive for this purpose. It is hoped that a large number of W.L.A. volunteers will be working in the New Forest shortly—cross-cutting pit-props and barking shrubs for charcoal. It is also anticipated that many will shortly be needed for market gardening.

On the air last Thursday evening Colonel Peel and Mr. J. G.

Stewart made out a convincing case for stimulating the "early bite" from pastures. We shall all want grass keep as soon as we can get it this spring, and the expenditure of a few pounds on top dressing a likely grass field is sure to be well repaid in increased milk yields and thriving lambs. But it must be a likely field. Some of us are rather vague about the compositions of the herbage of our pastures. I am myself, but I do know that cocksfoot and rye grass make early growth and can be stimulated to an abnormally early start by the assistance of 1cwt. per acre of a nitrogenous fertiliser. The more sheltered the field the better, and a field which has been rested through the winter will make a quicker growth in the spring than one which has been grazed hard into the New Year.

Colonel Ralph Peel is one of the most knowledgeable men about grassland. I remember meeting him at Jealott's Hill, the experimental station run by Imperial Chemical Industries, when he gave us visiting farmers a most illuminating talk about pastures and their management and, what is more than usual, their mismanagement. Mr. J. G. Stewart, who discussed the possibilities

of the "early bite" with him, is one of the Ministry of Agriculture's technical men. A shrewd Scot and a brother of Mr. W. A. Stewart, the Principal of the Moulton Farm Institute, he has his own farm north-west of London and keeps his heart on the land even though his seat is in Whitehall every day of the week.

Most of us have some scrap iron and steel lying about the rickyards and hedgerows. Now this material is wanted by the steelworks, and a concerted effort is being made to organise the collection of scrap metal from farms. The N.F.U. is taking a hand through its county branches and co-operating with the Iron and Steel Control. A start is being made in Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, two counties near the steel-making districts, and it will, I expect, be an eye-opener to everyone to find how much scrap material can be got together. A "fair price" per ton, according to the area, is to be fixed for mixed scrap, so that farmers will know that anyone buying with the authority of the Iron and Steel Control need not be subjected to the usual bargaining process when the scrap merchant comes round. CINCINNATUS.

THE STORAGE OF FOODSTUFFS ON THE FARM

For farms to become self-supporting in animal feeding-stuffs, methods of storage are of primary importance.



II.—DUTCH BARN

By

J. N. DOMINY

(Midland Agricultural College)

HAY is one of the most valuable of winter feeding-stuffs grown on the farm, provided it has been made under conditions that will maintain its maximum food value. One of the common troubles affecting the farmer is the uncertainty of the weather that may be experienced during hay-making. Every means that can be adopted to assist him at that time and also to provide protection against all weathers both before and after cutting the resulting stack into fodder, is of considerable importance, particularly in the present emergency, when every effort must be made to utilise to the fullest extent the feeding value of all crops produced on the farm. In this connection, the Dutch barn plays a not inconsiderable part. It is claimed that there is less risk of overheating in the case of hay stacked in a Dutch barn, compared with a stack covered with a cloth or thatch, owing to the greater circulation of air. It may, therefore, be possible for a farmer to cart his hay earlier and without interference by inclement weather. Further, there is the saving of time and cost of thatching and the greater protection afforded by the Dutch barn. Finally, it may, of course, be utilised for storage of other crops, and when partly or wholly empty it may be utilised for many purposes—as a shelter for sheep and lambs and other young stock or for the storage of implements and carts.

In selecting the site for a proposed Dutch barn, a position reasonably close to the stock to be fed and to the mixing floor should be selected, and therefore it may frequently be found convenient to place it on the north-west, north, or north-east sides of the buildings, thus providing in addition shelter for the other farm buildings. The end should preferably be placed in the direction of the prevailing wind, and a hard approach road should be near by.

Allowance should always be made for any possible future extension, and the site should be relatively level. Barns are manufactured in a considerable range of sizes; the length is usually in multiples of 15ft.; the width will vary from 15ft.—30ft. single span, although by combining a series of section widths barns up to 65ft. or over are possible. In this connection it is probable that the single-roof types are preferable to the three-section roof type, for the valley gutters on the latter are a possible source of trouble, as inaccessible gutters have a habit of becoming blocked at surprisingly frequent intervals. The height will usually be between 16–20ft. from ground line to eaves.

The essential part of these barns is a sound watertight roof supported on pillars which may be of timber or of steel. The roofing material may be of corrugated galvanised steel sheeting usually of 24 gauge, with a 6in. lap. Creosoted-under-pressure boarding, and corrugated asbestos cement sheeting are also employed, more particularly on timber structures or to resist corrosion from an acid atmosphere. The roofing sheets should be laid with the side lap sheltered from the direction of the prevailing wind. The outline where galvanised steel sheeting is used is usually segmental, while for other material the triangular outline is commonly adopted.

The gables are usually sheeted to the eaves level with pitch-pole access door about 5ft. by 4ft. if desired. In addition, one or more sides may be sheeted partly or wholly to the ground—

preferably on the rainy quarter—with 22-gauge sheeting, and sliding or hinged doors may be added if desired. Also, lean-to structures may be arranged for implements, etc., either at the sides or the ends. It is important that the eaves should have rain-water gutters and pipes to convey the rain-water away—perhaps to a storage tank above ground—to prevent possible damage to the crop stored. Simple roof ventilation may be easily formed if desired.

In most cases the work is carried out by specialist firms, but when constructed in timber the work can easily be undertaken by estate labour, using in most cases creosoted-under-pressure deal timber, possibly with old telegraph poles as uprights. An alternative Empire timber of equal durability would be western red cedar. The construction of a timber roof truss may take the form of a Belfast or lattice truss—i.e., made up of a large number of scantlings of small cross section instead of large and heavy timbers—thus tending to produce a more economical structure under present conditions. In some parts of the country the roof is constructed to rise or fall, being adjusted by means of wires and pulleys secured to the uprights.

Whichever type of construction is selected (and, at any rate until a recent date, there is little difference in cost between creosoted-under-pressure timber and steel when the work is undertaken by specialist firms and works out at a cost of about £25 per bay for the simplest type of building), great care should be taken with the foundations to see that the uprights are firmly secured at the base. It is when empty that the barn is subject to the greatest stresses from wind pressure. The foundation work will in most cases be done by local labour; holes 3ft. by 3ft. approximately and 3ft. deep are excavated, and a 12in. thickness of concrete—1 part cement to 7 parts of clean ballast or other suitable well graded material—is then laid. This preliminary work together with the setting out is important and should preferably be supervised by a skilled workman. The uprights are then erected with angle plates at the base, and the hole is partly or wholly filled in with concrete raised about 6ins. above the ground and sloped to throw rain-water away from the upright. In some cases the specialist firm includes this work and also provides any scaffolding, etc., that may be required. In other cases the farmer is required to supply the latter, and, particularly when considering alternative quotations from specialist firms, the specification should be carefully studied to ascertain precisely what work is or is not included.

The steelwork should be painted with at least two coats (usually one before and one after erection), but galvanised sheeting should not be painted for at least eighteen months afterwards, in order to avoid reaction between the surfacing of the sheet and the paint, causing the deterioration of the latter. A bitumastic paint is one of the best types, equally suited for timber or metal. Colours such as grey or green are usually to be preferred from the point of view of appearance to the red colour so frequently seen.

The approximate storage content figures are as follows: Hay, 10–12 cub. yds., to 1 ton; wheat, oats and barley, unthreshed, 13, 14 and 16 cub. yds. to the ton respectively; and wheat, oats and barley straw, 23, 24 and 29 cub. yds. to 1 ton.

CORRESPONDENCE

DEER CONTROL: A
STAG'S FATE

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I write to protest against the needless cruelty now being caused by certain Deer Control Committees. I refer to the indiscriminate mass shooting at driven or fugitive deer. One such drive was officially organised near here on Christmas Day—of all dates to choose. Yesterday afternoon a wretchedly emaciated stag crawled down to the wood just above this house. He was badly wounded in the mouth, his lower jaw paralysed, and it must have been impossible for him to eat, since he was shot over a fortnight ago. Unfortunately, darkness fell just before I could finish him off. The next morning my keepers found him dead. If it be really necessary to slaughter the red deer in their native Highlands, surely they can be properly stalked, and mutilated survivors reduced to a minimum. Some of the present methods seem just callous butchery and calculated to disperse wounded animals far and wide.—BREADALBANE, Auchmore House, Killin, Perthshire.

INTERBREEDING OF FOXES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can give me authentic information as to the interbreeding of different varieties of the fox? There is a dog fox (often seen behind this house) who has a black mask, throat, belly, brush and pads, but his back is the ordinary red colour. His one bit of white is on the end of his brush. I might add that the whole of the head is black—not only nose and ears. Can this be a cross between the red and silver fox? (There is a fox farm about ten miles away.)—L. E.

[Our correspondent's query raises an interesting point, namely, what effect a silver fox cross would have on our native red foxes. The so-called "silver" fox is merely a melanistic mutant of the North American red fox, and it seems possible that to introduce the mutant strain into this country might mean our hounds pursuing black foxes as well as red ones.—ED.]

OLD SCOTS CURLING STONES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It is natural for sportsmen to cherish their favourite implements and paraphernalia, and in few pastimes is this pleasing trait more quaintly shown than in the grand old game of curling. Scotland can boast of some remarkable specimens of the ancient *loofies*, *kuting stanes* and *piltycocks*, the most venerable being the one dated 1511 that is treasured by the McFarlane Museum of Stirling. The earliest type of curling-stone was a boulder worn smooth and shaped in its river-bed by the action of the water. Handles were unknown, but indentations made thumb-holes by which the players could grip, and in some examples finger-slots can also be seen. Such "kitty-stanes" were probably hurled along the ice by both hands. Their distinctive shapes were sufficient to identify them, but when hammer-dressed stones of more standard size and form came into use players began to dub them with homely nicknames. "Samson" and "The Baron" were

doubtless well tried warriors of imposing weight; "The Egg," "The Goose" and "The Scone" describe respective shapes; "Neptune" and "The Pirate" bring an unexpected marine note to the list; while "Black Meg," "Grannie" and "The Old Cobbler" give a more intimate touch.

One interesting old curling stone, known as "Sleeping Maggie," was recovered near East Kilbride from the village pond into which it had been rolled by a farmer's irate daughter—the "sweet slug-a-bed" whose nickname it bore. In the same district the "East Kilbride Cheese" was a famous curling-stone, and a hard worker it must have been, lending itself during the off season to the humdrum business of weighing cheese and oatmeal. Its name recalls the amusing indignity with which another curling-stone was once treated. This was the beautifully polished specimen sent to London for the Great Exhibition of 1851, the intention being to present it to the Prince Consort. The authorities, greatly puzzled by this strange object, finally decided that it was a model for a cheese!

The weight of some of these old stones is noteworthy. One found in a curling-loch near Crieff was a smooth-worn granite boulder of 129lb.; two "Grannies" from Meigle weigh 110lb. and 101lb. respectively; and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club possesses one of 118lb. called "The Jubilee Stone," presented by Mr. John Hood of Cockburnspath, who died in 1888 and who remembered his father curling with it.

Such relics are veritable monuments to "the roaring game" that for centuries has united laird and villager in a hilarious brotherhood of zestful sport.—MARIE W. STUART.

LILY ROOTS AS FOOD

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—One of the staple foods of the native population of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea is taro, and these photographs show the plant growing and a native holding up two roots. Taro belongs to the lily family, and is not unlike, although larger than, the ordinary garden lily, with enormous stems and leaves. It is largely cultivated by the natives for the sake of

these massive and nutritious roots. The pictures were taken at Keravat, on the island of New Britain, part of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea.—S. ALTON PEARL.

GREAT AUKE EGGS

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The three eggs of the extinct great auk which were owned by the late Mr. Herbert Massey of Burnage are likely, owing to his lamented death, to come up for sale. These fine eggs have an interesting history, which would take up too much of your space to relate here, but it is possible your readers may care to see a photograph of such rare and valuable specimens. Altogether there are some eighty great auks' eggs in existence.—M. W.

FOR BALLOON BARRAGE
MEN

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I bring to the notice of your readers Mrs. Hooman's Balloon Barrage Comforts Fund? This Fund is working to supply the crews

of barrage balloons with long stockings, to wear under gum boots, and helmets and wristlets. The men for the most part work under very trying conditions and often in very exposed positions. Naturally, most people are sending things to men at the front. Most of the working parties supply one or other of the Regular Forces' comforts funds, and the men of the Home Defence Forces, who also are on active service, have perhaps been rather overlooked. These balloon crews have a very monotonous job, and have to be on duty for long spells. Often they only have a sports pavilion or empty house to sleep in, and suffer fearfully from the cold. Their plight should appeal very much to Londoners, since the balloons are a very important part of London's defences. The headquarters of the Fund are The Thackeray Rooms, Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, W.8.—W. MCNAIR, Secretary.

[We should like to endorse our correspondent's appeal, as we feel there must be many readers of COUNTRY LIFE, particularly those whose horizons are decorated (and defended) by the balloons, who will have golf stockings and other comforts to send to these men.—ED.]

LECTURES ON HORTICULTURE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—My Council desires to express its thanks for the way in which publicity has been given to the Society's efforts in association with the work of the horticultural committees set up in towns under the Ministry of Agriculture in respect of lecturers and lectures. These lectures are to be given at meetings arranged by the committees, and advice might be given to allotment societies on allotment plots. Persons seeking lectures and advice should do so through the official horticultural committees. They should not ask for a list of lecturers, but should state what subject they would like a lecture on and give the date, time and place where it will be held. I should be grateful if you could publish this information, so as to help in the great cause which we have, namely, increased food supplies from the garden.—F. R. DURHAM, Secretary, Royal Horticultural Society.



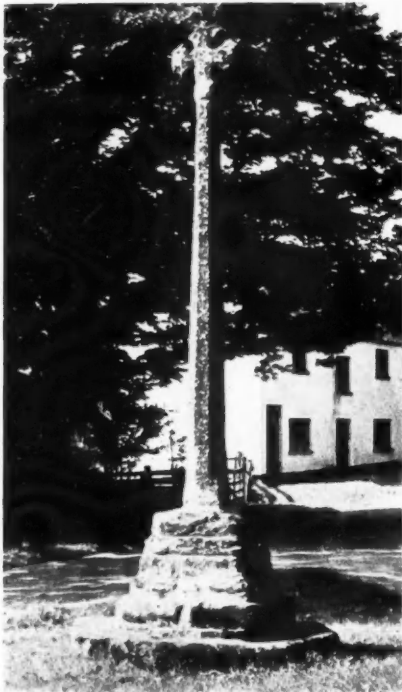
IRREPLACEABLE EGGS



TARO PLANTS IN NEW GUINEA



THE ROOTS ARE EATEN BY THE NATIVES



CROWCOMBE CROSS

IN A SOMERSET VILLAGE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Crowcombe, lying under the Quantocks, is one of the most charming villages of Somerset, with a fine eighteenth-century house dominating the place. On the village green is this beautiful fourteenth-century cross with an unusually tall and slender shaft. It was restored by the villagers to commemorate the Coronation of King George VI, and is to be scheduled as an ancient monument.—F.R.W.

"THE AGES OF BIRDS"

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—Anyone who looks into the question of birds' ages (for instance, as set forth in Major Flower's paper in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1925) in a spirit of scientific scepticism will find that Miss Pitt is right in asserting that the popular tendency is to exaggerate the longevity of birds; and I must plead guilty. Since, however, the original question was whether barn owls might still be breeding at the age of twenty, it may be noted that there seems to be no good record of a barn owl having anywhere lived even to the age of twelve years. This is the more interesting because the barn owl is, I believe, unique in the thoroughness with which it is distributed, with only the slightest local variations, over the world.

At the same time, it must be remembered that many things have happened without their having been scientifically recorded! It is only within recent times that people have thought about carefully noting the dates on which birds were hatched, ringed or taken captive. And while the alleged centenarian status of certain parrots may properly be doubted, it should also be recalled that some of the life-histories are quite plausible, and that the psittacine reputation for longevity dates back over 2,000 years. Again, in Major Flower's paper the maximum age known to have been achieved by a raven is given as twenty-four years, which is surpassed by Miss Pitt's own specimen. Though the ages attributed to ravens at the Tower of London may be exaggerated, I should be surprised if no bird there had ever reached the half-century. But I must confess there seems to be practically no likelihood of peafowl having lived to be 100.

The question of maximum breeding ages is even more difficult and uncertain than mere longevity, because comparatively few non-domesticated species nest in captivity. Is there any data whatever on this subject? —J. D. U. W.

"NOTHING FOR EVER AND EVER"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The reference in your issue of January 6th to the poem on the woman who declared that after her death she was "going to do nothing for ever and ever" emboldens me to send you the version of it which I have treasured for years.

"There was an old woman who always was tired,
She lived in a world where too much was required.
Her last words on earth were 'Dear friends,
I am going
To where there's no cooking nor washing
nor sewing.
Though with loud Alleluias the heavens are ringing
I shall have nothing to do with the singing.
Then mourn for me not, Oh mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.'"

—WINIFRED COOMBE TENNANT.

RAM-FIGHTING IN INDIA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I do not know whether ram-fighting comes into any of Mr. Bentley's categories of sport, but it is certainly neither blood nor dud, and is a popular excuse for gambling in northern India. Rams are specially selected and conditioned for the fray, and a good hard-headed butter can be a source of much profit to its owner. Whether any special training is needed I do not know; probably not, for the creature seems to take naturally to the pastime.

The procedure is simple. The two rams face each other about twenty yards apart in the circle of spectators. There is much talk and delay, which to the Indian provides half



BATTERING RAMS

the fun of the affair; but at last the straining animals are let loose. They charge heads up, and only in a split second before impact do they put their heads down, when two solid masses of bone meet with a sickening crack. It makes my head ache now to think of it. Without delay the champions back to the edge of the circle and charge again. This goes on until one of them gives up and runs away. The enclosed photograph, which is the only one I have ever seen of this event, shows the beginning of the end, the ram nearest the camera (my fancy, alas!) having been knocked off his feet.—C. E. G. HOPE, Capt.

SOME WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I was interested by a statement made recently about the difficulty of taking pigs to the nearest market when that market is fourteen miles away. Is it not a fact that the spacing of markets in the most intensively farmed parts of England was supposed to be governed—before the time of the internal combustion engine—by the distance which a pig could walk?

Many measurements which are now certainly defined or obsolete seem to have had similar origins. For example, a furlong (furrowlong) is the distance which an ox would draw a plough without a pause. A bovat or oxgang was as much land as an ox could plough in a year: it accordingly varied with the soil—as did also a carucate and perhaps a hide of land. The 8lb. Smithfield stone, the use of which was officially forbidden only three months ago, is said to have come into being because the proportion of meat yielded by a beast was as 8 is to 14: that is, every 14lb. stone of a beast on the hoof would

cut up as an 8lb. stone of butcher's meat. Was not the weight of a penny decided by balancing it with thirty-two grains of wheat dry or twenty-four grains of barley dry? Whether the original yard was determined by the reach of an average archer when shooting a ("clothyard") shaft from a 6ft. bow, I do not know; but I have read that the calibre of certain Japanese naval guns has been decided by the weight of shell which the small Japanese sailor can actually handle, and it is, of course, a well known fact that Canadian and American freighters insist upon the use of the sensible 100lb. hundredweight.

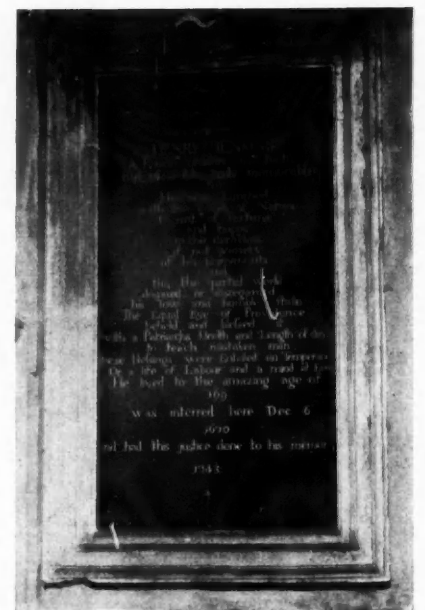
Doubtless your readers can recall other more interesting examples of weights and measures having been originally determined by commonsense considerations such as seem to be absent from our present standards, most of which are hopelessly irrational when judged in the light of to-day's needs.—AUTOLYCUS.

A YORKSHIRE PATRIARCH

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Judging by the published interviews with centenarians, many and varied are the recipes for attaining that ripe old age. Probably the simple country life is best, and it certainly worked in the case of Henry Jenkins, who lived to the remarkable age of 169. Your readers may be interested to see a photograph of the tablet to his memory in the church at Bolton-on-Swale, Yorkshire.—J. A. CARPENTER.

[Henry Jenkins, the "modern Methusalem," has found a place in the Dictionary of National Biography. A native of Ellerton-upon-Swale, he is said to have been a labourer and a fisherman, but latterly "gained a livelihood by begging, and to attract attention regaled his patrons with anecdotes of his younger days." He claimed to have been sent at the time of the Battle of Flodden (1513), being then between ten and twelve years of age, to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows for the army, and to have been butler to Lord Conyers, whose carouses with the Abbot of Fountains he remembered. Although his depositions about his age varied, he produced credible evidence of his longevity, such as the statements above mentioned; but he was in the fortunate position of having no one to contradict him, and when begging had become his profession, no doubt, "increase of appetite"—for fame at least—"had grown by what it fed on." When the parish priest made the entry in the register recording his burial he contented himself with the description, "a very aged and poor man." The tablet, it will be noted, "doing justice to his memory," was not erected until 1743—seventy-three years after his death.—ED.]



"HE LIVED TO THE AMAZING AGE OF 169"

HEROINES OF THE GRAND NATIONAL

ELEVEN FAMOUS MARES

AS was pointed out in a recent article, it is not often that the Grand National is won by a mare, and as for this year's race the prospects of Mr. Arthur Sainsbury's eight year old mare, Symaethis, are the subject of much discussion, a retrospect of the heroines who have been enrolled among the winners of the world's greatest steeplechase should be both interesting and instructive.

Save that she was trained in Gloucestershire, was owned by Lord Craven, and had the 1839 winner, Lottery, who was attempting to carry 13st. 4lb., in the field behind her, there is little to write of Charity, who was the first mare to put a Grand National to the credit of her sex in 1841. But around the name of Miss Mowbray, the victress in 1852, there is quite a story to tell. Bred in Bedfordshire by a Mr. Magniac, who was then Master of the Oakley Foxhounds, she was put into training, but, having been found useless for flat-racing, was returned to her owner, who hunted her for five seasons. She was then catalogued and sold in Manchester, but was returned as unsound and as of doubtful age. Next, she was offered to the well known steeplechase jockeys, Mr. Charles Beville and Mr. Alec Goodman, who, despite the fact that her price was only 100gs., would have nothing to do with her. So it came about that she remained in her own stable until, one day, a Mr. T. F. Mason rode her for a day with the Oakley, and was so impressed with the way she carried him that he bought her and eventually saw her win the Warwickshire Hunt Cup, the Welter Stakes and the Open Steeplechase at Leamington, and, with her previous detractor, Mr. Goodman, on her back, the big event at Aintree. (Mr. Goodman, who had eleven rides in the "National" without a fall, won again on Salamander in 1866.) Miss Mowbray ran second to Peter Simple, handled by the famous jockey, Tom Oliver, in the following year—1853; and two years later broke her neck at Becher's Brook when ridden by Sam Darling, the grandfather of the present trainers.

The next mare to score was Anatis, an aged daughter of King Dan, who, "to the accompaniment of a nipping easterly blast," afforded Mr. Thomas—in reality Mr. Thomas Pickernell—a winning ride in 1860, with a field of eighteen that included a half-bred horse called The Curate, and another half-bred, actually ridden by a curate, in the rear. Like Mr. Goodman, Mr. Thomas had an extensive experience of the "National" fences; in all, he attempted the ordeal on seventeen occasions—two fewer than those accredited to Tom Oliver—and, besides winning on Anatis, was successful on The Lamb and on Pathfinder. Following Anatis came Jealousy in 1861, and Emblem and Emblematic in 1863 and 1864. Thus out of five successive races four were won by mares. Jealousy, who belonged to Mr. J. Bennett, was, as it turned out, rather aptly named, as in her year George Stevens, to whom further reference will be made in a moment, refused no fewer than thirteen offers of mounts in order to ride her, and then stood down without a ride, because those who had first call on his services declined to give their consent. Jealousy was by The Cure, a well known sire of flat-race winners; she was ridden by Kendall, and had The Dane and Old Ben Roe as her nearest attendants.

Had Nat Gould, or for that matter any other racing novelist, suggested that one owner could win the Grand National in successive years with own-sisters trained by the same trainer, ridden by the same jockey, and on each occasion having the same opponent second, both critics and readers would have suggested that he was indulging in one of the higher flights of imagination. Yet, to prove once again that truth is stranger than fiction, Lord Coventry won the Grand Nationals of 1863 and 1864 with the sisters, Emblem and Emblematic, who were trained by Edward Weever at Bourton-on-the-Hill in Gloucestershire, were ridden by George Stevens (who went round the Liverpool arena on fifteen occasions without a fall, and five times with success) and defeated Mr. J. Astley's Arbury respectively by twenty lengths

and by three lengths. Bred by a Mr. Swale of Saredon, near Wolverhampton, both Emblem and Emblematic were by the Derby winner, Teddington, from Miss Batty, she by The Hydra. They were, like their sire, chestnuts, had racing experience on the flat, and towards the end of it, with seven brackets and one bracket respectively to their credit, were sold to a Mr. Halford, a tenant of Lord Coventry, for £700 and 100gs., to be re-sold later to Lord Coventry himself for £300 and for £250. Both, it may be added as a final note of interest, were during their flat-racing careers trained at Hednesford, in the yard from which Mr. Tom Couthwaite turned out the "National" winners, Eremon and Jenkinstown, in more recent years.

As with most successful Aintree candidates, there was little on looks to recommend either Emblem or Emblematic, and the next of their sex to win—in 1872—was the "varminty-looking, washed-out chestnut" Casse Tête. She belonged to Mr. Brayley, a gentleman who was well known in theatrical circles and was, incidentally, a great friend of Mr. J. L. Toole. Casse Tête had run in selling races, but a very different type of mare was Empress, who in 1880 gave Mr. Tom Beasley, uncle of the present jockey, his first winning ride of three. A fine powerful chestnut mare, who came from a half-sister to the Oaks winner, Feu de Joie,



LORD COVENTRY'S EMBLEM, THE MARE THAT WON THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1863. With George Stevens in the saddle, and her trainer, E. Weever, at the head. From a painting by Harry Hall

she is said to have been so little affected by the race that she cleared thirty feet when jumping the last hurdle. The truth of this cannot be vouched for; the fact remains that she holds the unique and, under present regulations, unbeatable record of having been the only five year old of her sex to be returned the winner. Three years later, another chestnut, in the six years old mare Zoedone, put paid to the attentions of Black Prince, Downpatrick and seven others. Bought by the late Mr. "Uncle" Clayton as a hunter for £170, Zoedone attracted the attention of the Austrian Count, later Prince, Kinsky, who, as the result of a win of £1,000 over Corrie Roy in the Cesarewitch of 1882, gave Mr. Clayton £800 and a contingency of a further £200 if she won the Grand National. Count Kinsky, of course, rode her to victory, and would probably have repeated this success two years later, had she not been the victim of a poisoning outrage.

It now remains to write of Frigate and of Shannon Lass, the last two mares to gain Aintree honours. The former, a bay mare by Sir Hercules' son, Gunboat, from a daughter of the Derby winner, Gladiateur, was bred in Ireland by Mr. M. A. Maher, and made her first attempt on the Grand National, when in 1884 she finished second to Voluptuary, who was making his first appearance in public over fences, and later ended his career on the stage. There followed another second to Roquefort, who eventually joined Voluptuary as an actor in "The Prodigal Daughter," and then, after two years in which she was unplaced, Frigate was runner-up to Playfair and at long last won the event, with Mr. Tom Beasley in the saddle, in 1889. A great mare and a genuine one, she was as popular as Cooleen in recent years; the pity is that Mr. Rank's mare was denied her success. The victory of Shannon Lass in 1902 completes the story. She won for Mr. Ambrose Gorham, one of the most liberal patrons of steeplechasing at the time.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

EIGHT SQUARE MILES SOLD

FOREMARK estate of 5,117 acres, a few miles south of Derby, has been sold by Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, to the Prudential Assurance Company, for whom Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson, of Messrs. Bidwell and Sons, acted. Foremark Hall is a typical example of mid-eighteenth century Palladian style. The architect was David Hurns, one of a family of Warwick architects. The present house occupies the site of an earlier one, of the Jacobean period. The estate, bounded on the north by the Trent, includes twenty-two farms, mainly devoted to dairying, 540 acres of oak woodlands, three private houses, and a large number of cottages.

BURGATE HOUSE, DUNSFOLD

THE Queen Anne residence, Burgate House, Dunsfold, and its beautiful gardens, are part of Park Hatch estate, which Messrs. Messenger and Morgan manage for Captain J. Godman. The firm offers a lease of the house and 150 acres, or otherwise as regards

has a mile of frontage. The property adjoins the Hamble River for half a mile, and is six miles from Southampton. Portions of the estate have been sold for residential development, and the rest of the land is eminently suitable for such a purpose. It has a golf course of 100 acres on the seaward side, and there are long road frontages, with main lighting and other services. Much of the estate consists of farms and nursery ground. The richly timbered park originally surrounded the now demolished mansion, known as Hook House.

Prestwood Lodge, a modernised house and 70 acres near Great Missenden, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock and Messrs. Pretty and Ellis, on instructions from the Trustee Department of Westminster Bank.

It is said that Charles II once owned River House, one of the stateliest of those in The Mall at Hammersmith. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are to sell it. The house contains much fine old panelling, and its walled garden, overlooking the Thames, has an air of antiquity.

Messrs. Wallis and Wallis and Messrs. Cubitt and West, acting jointly, have sold The

John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. John German and Son. The sale comprises a total area of 1,930 acres, and the approximate rent roll is £3,700 a year.

One of the finest old tithe barns in the country is to be found at Pilton, near Shepton Mallet. The manor house at Pilton, like all the parish, originally formed part of the vast estates of the Abbots of Glastonbury, and the barn was used for the storage of farm produce for the use of the monks. The manor house has been sold by Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co. They have also sold Batchelor's Hall, a Suffolk Georgian house and 7 acres, at Clare; Great Horstead, Buntingford; and Clobb's Gorse, a yachtman's house at Beaulieu, close to the well known Buckler's Hard. Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co. state that there is a keen enquiry for small country houses with a few acres in what may be regarded as "safe" areas.

A NEW PARTNERSHIP

NEW partners have been taken by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, namely, Mr. Peter C. Oldfield, M.A. (Agric.) (Oxon.), and Mr. Alexander C. Siese. Mr. Oldfield was educated at Repton, where he was captain of cricket and football, and at University College, Oxford, where he obtained his cricket "blue," was President of the Bullingdon Club and Master of the Draghounds. He played for All England against the Australians, 1933, and also for the Gentlemen against the Players in the same year at Lord's, and was elected member of the M.C.C. and I Zingari. Mr. Oldfield is an amateur rider, and a judge at horse shows. After four years' farming in England and the Channel Islands, Mr. Oldfield joined the Country Department of the firm in 1933, where his work has been, and will continue, mainly with agricultural properties, Scottish estates, shootings and fishings. He is serving overseas with the Warwickshire Yeomanry. Mr. Siese joined the staff of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in 1917. He has had a long experience in dealing with country properties, and has carried through many important transactions as Manager of the Country Department for the last six years. Mr. Siese has also had considerable experience in the sale and letting of properties in the south of France. The other partners of the firm are: Mr. William Gibson, D.S.O., Mr. Gordon M. Cannon, Mr. Alfred J. Baker, Mr. Malcolm Mackenzie, and Mr. Edward Fisher.

LIVELY ENQUIRY FOR FARMS

ON the whole business was satisfactory last year, Messrs. Woodcock and Son state in a report from their Ipswich office. Sales of country houses included The Flemish House, Aldham; Highgate, Tolleshunt D'Arcy; The Old Grammar School, Cavendish; The White House, Harleston; Paradise Farm, Westhall; Langton Lodge, Eye; and Gothic House, Clare. They disposed of 3,900 acres of agricultural land, apart from certain East Anglian sales, at an average price of £19 an acre. Among the farms disposed of were Box House, 67 acres, at Dedham; Old Farmhouse, Kelsale, 43 acres; Brook Hall Farm, Branfield, 150 acres; Lodge and Hall Farms, 367 acres (with Mr. Lacey Gooding); Choppins Hill Farm, Coddensham, 100 acres; Houghton Hill Farm, 500 acres, at Cavendish; Ramsey Tyrrells, 325 acres, at Ingatestone; and Bewley Hall Farm, 267 acres, at Chardstock in Devon.

Messrs. Woodcock and Son's associated firm (Messrs. Woodcocks, of George Street, Hanover Square) report the disposal of over 9,000 acres of agricultural land. The total included 1,500 acres in Warwickshire, 1,250 acres in Oxfordshire, 670 acres in Bedfordshire, 510 acres in Buckinghamshire, 520 acres in Northamptonshire, 880 acres in Essex, 310 acres in Cambridgeshire, 500 acres in Suffolk, 900 acres in Sussex, 400 acres in Surrey, and 420 acres in Hampshire. In a considerable number of cases Messrs. Woodcocks have sold, either to the incomer of the farm or else separately by auction, the live and dead farming stock, the value of such subsidiary transactions running into about £53,000. While the majority of the properties sold have been for occupation, a number have been for investment, and further negotiations are on foot in this direction. The year has closed with every prospect of an increased turnover for 1940. **ARBITER.**



BURGATE HOUSE, DUNSFOLD

the area available for leasing according to any arrangement which may be arrived at with the agents. The home farm is well equipped with buildings and cottages.

CANWICK HALL, LINCOLN

MRS. WALTER LAMBERT and the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Pelham have decided to dispose of Canwick Hall, which is leased to Lord Liverpool. The estate, on the outskirts of Lincoln, includes the model village, five farms, and 1,148 acres, with a rent roll of over £2,600 a year. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, and the Lincoln agents, Messrs. Tinsley and Laverack, are retained by the vendors.

The Cirencester office of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff has dealt with an average number of first-rate properties on and around the Cotswolds in recent weeks. Among these transactions have been the sales of Moor Court, Amberley (with Messrs. Davis, Champion and Payne) for the executors of Mr. Sidney Allen; Barston House, South Cerney, for Lord Cadogan; Lower Close, Quenington; Newnton Priory, Tetbury; Chilton Priory, Bridgewater; The Mansells, Minety; Cowbridge Lodge, Malmesbury; and Woodmancote Manor; and Hargrove, Stalbridge (in the sale of which they were concerned with Messrs. Sherston and Wylam), to a client of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard. Hawling Manor, Andoversford, was sold to a client of Messrs. Young and Gilling.

FRONTAGE TO SOUTHAMPTON WATER

SIR WARDEN CHILCOTT intends to sell The Hook and Warsash estate of 1,195 acres, a freehold on Southampton Water, to which it

Deer Leap, a residential freehold of 3 acres at Westcott, near Dorking.

TOWN AND COUNTRY TRANSACTIONS

SALES of town and country houses by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in some instances acting with other agents, include Spronketts, near Haywards Heath, 20 acres; Boyds, Babbacombe; Woodcot, Abinger, near Dorking; and No. 14, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater. Their Wimbledon branch announce sales in and around Wimbledon Common, among them being Lake View, over an acre; Orchard Cottage, Kingston, an old house in matured gardens; Liddesdale, Kingston Hill; Cedar Croft, Wimbledon Common; No. 20, Burghley Road, on the Wimbledon House estate; Dryden House, Parkside, and Cock Crow Hill, Ditton Hill, an old-fashioned residence with 2 acres. In conjunction with Messrs. Penningtons they have disposed of No. 145, Queen's Road, Richmond. On behalf of clients, Messrs. Hampton and Sons have purchased White Cottage, Weybridge, and Pantons, 4 or 5 acres at Dallington, Sussex.

FIRST LANDED SALE OF THE YEAR

EGGINTON, the Staffordshire border seat, has been sold. The Adam mansion, four miles from Burton-on-Trent and eight miles from Derby, overlooks a lake of 7 acres, and a finely wooded park. There are ten dairy farms, seven small holdings, practically the whole of the village of Egginton, and three miles of fishing rights in the Dove. A client of Messrs. Fox and Sons has bought the estate, and the vendors were represented by Messrs.